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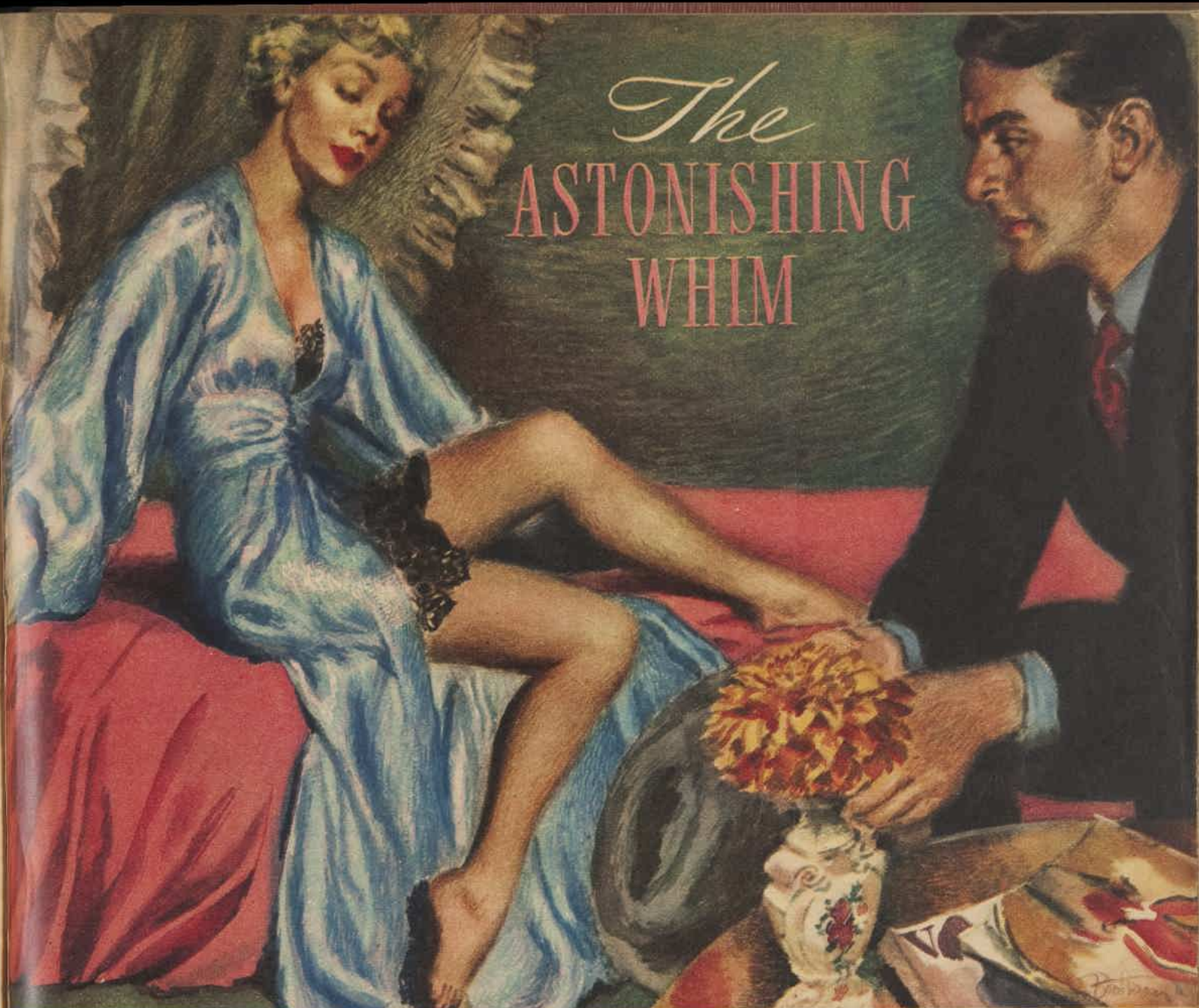
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The ASTONISHING WHIM

NO doubt the film star would have been more careful about her will if she had known that she would be killed in an accident only three weeks later. But that evening she thought that her troubles were behind her, not in front; and most of them seemed to have happened that very day.

Beginning with a broken mirror, it had just gone from bad to worse. The film she had been working on for five weeks had been scrapped, the script was so awful. The only actor who could play the lead in the other film she wanted to do had suddenly gone down with measles.

Finally, Gilbert, her third husband, had again been picked up by the police for drunkenness, and she had decided to get rid of him.

Sammy Riddell, the lawyer, knew his Sonia and her tempestuous Russian ways, and he was not the least surprised when he was peremptorily summoned to her elegant Beverly Hills home that evening.

He was still not surprised when on arrival he was shown neither into the drawing-room nor the boudoir, but straight up to Sonia's bedroom. And he was not surprised, either, to find her lying face downward on the vast bed, crying her eyes out.

Sammy was very fond of Sonia

in his own peculiar way. She was not only the most beautiful woman he had ever known, but also one of the best actresses. And she was generous, which covered a multitude of faults.

If only she had married a working man who would beat her occasionally, she would have been an excellent wife. As it was, with her career and the vast salary she earned, she was a problem. But Sammy had his own method of dealing with such problems.

He nodded genially to Marie, the French maid, but paid not the slightest attention to the violent sobs proceeding from the bed. Finally when he had made himself quite comfortable in a big armchair, he spoke for the first time.

"Better snap out of it, Sonia. Gilbert isn't worth all that noise, and you know it."

That brought an instant reaction. Sonia leaped off the bed as if she had been fired from a cannon, and started to sweep about the room, tearing off diamond rings as she went.

Marie collected them carefully from the various bits of furniture on which Sonia had dropped them.

"You don't think I'm crying for

that heel!" Sonia protested violently. "You're not as stupid as all that!"

"You rang me up about a divorce," Sammy said calmly.

"I know I rang you up about a divorce!" Sonia, having finished with the diamond rings, now kicked off her shoes. "But that's not why I've been crying. It's the picture. They've scrapped it."

"But you still want a divorce?" Sammy insisted.

"Of course I want a divorce!" Sonia flung a most attractive dressing-gown on over a minimum of

"You wouldn't think that a girl like me would be married just for her money, would you?" Sonia asked coyly.

Sonia paused a moment on the edge of the bed, admiring her own legs. Then she turned to the lawyer.

"Sammy."

"Yes, Sonia dear."

"You wouldn't think that a girl like me would be married just for her money, would you?" she asked coyly. "And three times!"

"No, Sonia, I wouldn't," Sammy declared solemnly.

"But that's how it was, all the same. Oats for their polo ponies. That's all they cared about."

Sammy smiled faintly. "Come, come, Sonia. Gilbert doesn't play polo."

Sonia moved elegantly across to the bathroom. "He drinks," she said bitterly. "Drinking is almost as expensive as polo now."

Sonia did not shut the bathroom door, and presently there was a sound of splashing. Then after more splashing came Sonia's voice, more calmly. "You should take a bath, Sammy. It's so soothing."

"I think the bathroom is occupied," Sammy said.

He heard Sonia give a short laugh.

Then she called again. "How are we getting on with my new will, Sammy?"

"We're not getting on," Sammy called back. "You've cut everyone out except Marie. But you haven't put anyone in."

"Well, we must put someone in, Sammy."

"All right, go ahead."

There was a long pause while Sonia ran more hot water into the bath.

"How on earth," she went on when she had turned the tap off, "am I to find anybody to leave my money to? I detest all men and loathe all women. I haven't any children, and I don't like dogs or cats."

"There are various charities," Sammy said quietly.

"I couldn't leave it all to charity. There must have been somebody I've liked during my life. There are nice people in the world, aren't there, Sammy?"

"I've been told so."

"Well, then? . . . I know! There was that dear little man in London. He was so sweet."

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By **LAURENCE KIRK**

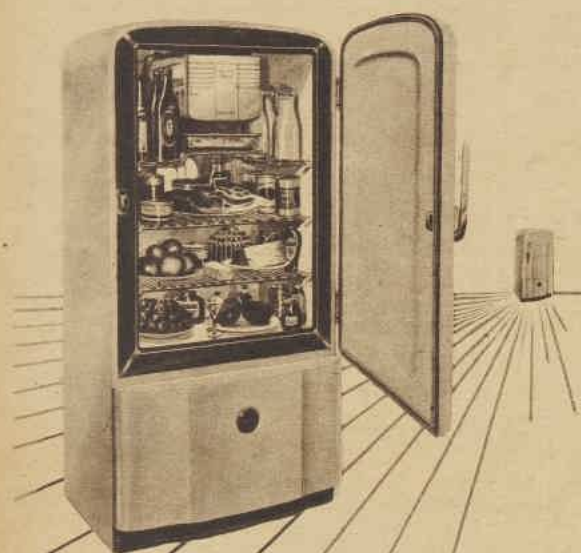
black lace underwear as she went on. "Bail him out of the police-station first, and then bail him out of my life. Double-quick time. See! And make me a new will. Cut everyone out of it."

"Madame!" Marie gave an injured glance at her mistress, who by now was sitting on the bed tearing off her stockings.

"All right, leave Marie in," Sonia said grudgingly. "But cut everyone else out. Everyone!"

"Thank you, madame," Marie sounded relieved. "Madame's bath is now ready."

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SAMMY waited for further enlightenment. From the sounds now proceeding from the bathroom it appeared that Sonia was drying herself. This proved to be correct, for a minute or two later she walked back into the bedroom, wearing an even more gorgeous dressing-gown.

"Who was this dear little man in London?" Sammy asked as she sat down in front of the mirrors at her dressing-table.

"He was the solicitor who fixed my second divorce for me. He was so sweet, Sammy. And so kind! He treated me as though I were a fresh little snowflake which had just dropped from heaven."

"Well, you're not," Sammy said briefly.

"Of course I'm not," Sonia retorted. "But it was very nice to be treated like that. He really cared about my happiness, and didn't want any oats for any polo pony. And he was much, much nicer than you, Sammy."

"All right," Sammy answered wearily. "So are we arranging a marriage with this man or leaving him some money in your will?"

"Oh, I couldn't marry him," Sonia said. "He has a wife already."

Sammy took out a pencil and an old envelope. "Has he a name, this man?"

"Yes, Vincent Gray. And he has the sweetest blue eyes."

"Address?"

"Nineteen Chancery Lane . . . He goes to all my pictures!"

"And how much do you want to leave him?"

"Everything I have except what I've left to Marie."

Sammy put down his pencil. "Do you know how much money you've got, Sonia?"

"No, Sammy, I don't."

"Well, I don't either. But it must be about a quarter of a million dollars."

Sonia turned round again. "Is it really as much as that? I must be good to have made all that money!"

"I don't know what you mean by being good," Sammy said. "But you're well worth your salary."

"Sammy darling! That's the first nice thing you've said to me this evening. I'll leave you some money, too, if you like."

"Don't worry about me," Sammy smiled. "I'll recoup myself for all this wear and tear by sending you a bill. What I want to say is that you can't leave a quarter of a million dollars to a man you hardly know. He might have a heart attack. What his wife would have, heaven only knows!"

"She's a stick, the wife. And the two girls are sticks too. Hockey sticks!"

"Well, all the more reason to be careful. You had much better drop the idea altogether. But if you won't, the most you can do is leave him a little legacy."

Sonia began to do her hair, with Marie at her side. "All right," she said. "I leave him a legacy of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and Marie gets the jewellery as before."

"Sonia! A legacy is a small amount. About five thousand dollars would be suitable."

"Whose will is this—yours or mine?"

"It's yours, Sonia. But you don't want to start a lot of trouble after you're dead. You've made enough while you're alive."

There was a pause while Sonia climbed into an evening gown.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said at length when her lovely head emerged. "You find me a nice charity and I'll leave them half. But the other half goes to Mr. Vincent Gray. And that's that!"

"Sonia, are you really serious?"

"I'm always serious, Sammy, and you know it. And mind you put it

The Astonishing Whim

Continued from page 3

nicely so that he'll be pleased. Something like this: 'To Vincent Gray, who gave me the only happiness I ever had.'"

"Not happiness, for pity's sake!" Sammy groaned.

"Well then, comfort. 'To Vincent Gray, for his comfort and understanding in a trying time' . . . Now I've got to rush off to the Barbary Club. When can I sign the wretched thing?"

"Oh, to-morrow, I suppose," Sammy said wearily as she swept out of the room with Marie running after her with her bag.

He shrugged his shoulders. He knew he would have to do it for her, and it did not really matter much. It would all be altered in a few months' time when some other man crossed her path.

But he did not know that this time it was not to be a man but a skidding car which crossed her path and brought an end to her dazzling and tempestuous career.

Vincent Gray was forty-five years of age. He had very nice blue eyes, as Sonia had stated, and he was a very competent solicitor. It was a good thing he had chosen that branch of the legal profession and not the other.

As a solicitor his carefulness, clear thinking, and absolute integrity brought their rewards. As a barrister he would have been a complete failure. He had none of the aggressiveness required for the job.

In fact, he was so far from being able to bully others that he was destined always to be bullied him-

"Prudent the man who builds his habitation, Mansion or hall or villa as preferred; Yet let him curb his pride with moderation, 'Fine cage feeds not the bird.'"
Inscription on an old manor house in Normandy.

self. And his colleagues, seeing the way he was put upon, particularly by his womenfolk, used to refer to him as "poor old Vanquished."

The dice, as it happened, had been loaded against him from the very start, for he had two flat-chested, uninteresting sisters who did painfully well at school. They were three and four years older than he, and when he grew up they introduced him to other flat-chested, uninteresting girls.

It was Ethel, the elder sister, who took him aside and told him that Mildred would make him a very good wife. Edith, the second, soon repeated this performance. And in the course of time he dutifully proposed to Mildred, and was accepted.

It was a lukewarm sort of marriage; but Mildred lost little time in producing two daughters who looked horribly like Ethel and Edith when they were babies. Vincent used to look at them in their cots sometimes, and wonder if there was anything he could do to stop them from being flat-chested and uninteresting, too, but there wasn't.

They were built like hockey-sticks, and did very well at school. Mildred used to treat him very much as she did her housemaids. The housemaids always went after a short while, but for some unknown reason Vincent stayed on.

He had, however, made one attempt at rebellion. That was about six years earlier. After a good fifteen years at the job, he suddenly discovered that he did not much like being a solicitor. And when he inherited some money from a bachelor uncle he thought it would be nice to

emigrate to South Africa and run a farm. He thought it would be nice for Mildred and the girls, too.

But they thought otherwise. They would have been lost without pavements to walk on. Vincent, however, refused to be talked out of it, and Mildred then brought up the heavy guns. She sent off telegrams to Ethel and Edith, who lived in cathedral towns with their dull husbands.

The next day there was a serious family conference in Vincent's dining-room. The children did not take part. But Ethel and Edith and Mildred all had a great deal to say; so much that Vincent himself could hardly get a word in edgewise. Anyway, the rebellion was quelled there and then.

It was decided that Vincent was the breadwinner and that it was his duty as the breadwinner to stay in London and win bread.

In this arid, hag-ridden life Sonia had been a green oasis. He did not really regard her as any fresh little snowflake dropped from heaven. But it grieved him that she wasn't happy. And she did for a short while bring to him some beauty, of which he had had little in his life, and some generosity, of which he had had less.

He often used to think of her when she went back to America and married her third husband. He hoped that she would be happy this time. And when there was a film on with her in it, he used to slip out from the office in the afternoon and go and see it by himself.

This distant worship left a little glow in his heart, and, needless to say, he did not tell Mildred about it.

It was a great shock to him the morning that the news of her death was in the papers, especially as it came in a shocking way. Mildred always grabbed the paper before he could get it, and she did not say anything until the two girls had left the room to go to their work.

Then she put the paper down in her usual precise manner, and said very casually, "I see that woman's been killed."

"Who, dear?" Vincent looked up from his plate.

"Why, the film star you acted for," Mildred said coldly as she walked out of the room. "Serves her right, too, after all those husbands."

Vincent then picked the paper up and saw what it said. "Oh, dear, dear," he murmured. "I am sorry!"

Curiously enough, there was a new picture on that week, with Sonia in it, which he had not seen, and he went to it that very afternoon. She was at her best in it; and when he thought how all that beauty and charm, inconsequence, and vanity had gone forever, he came out of the picture house red-eyed.

He said nothing more to Mildred about it, nor she to him; and it was not till six weeks later that anything more happened. And here it must be admitted that Vincent was bullied just a little by his secretary as well as his other womenfolk. Although she had been with him only a year she had already arranged the work to suit her own convenience.

Letters, unless marked "Private and Personal," were opened by her and then placed on his blotting pad in the order in which she felt inclined to deal with them, and Vincent obediently did them in that order.

That morning, however, there was a gleam of interest in her eye, and her smile of welcome was several degrees warmer than usual. Vincent did not notice it particularly at the time and sat down and proceeded to get on with his dictating. He had finished all the letters except one when Miss Haynes rose and prepared to leave him.

"Just a minute!" He stopped her. "I think there's still one more."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 10, 1949

Home is the Sailor

By DOROTHY BLACK

LOVELY seventeen-year-old SUSAN CRICHTON thinks it a delightful adventure when LOUISE PARMINTER, her very unorthodox grandmother, kidnaps her from boarding-school to take her on a cruise on her new yacht, sailed by KIPPER TONKS. Susan's parents, exasperated by a series of similar escapades, determine this time to ignore the whole affair. So Mrs. Parminter finds too late that she has involved Susan and herself in serious danger.

Once at sea, Tonks is no longer the mild man he seemed to be. He has taken possession of the yacht, and, under a false name and with forged papers, he is using it to smuggle a cargo of arms and ammunition. Now read on:

PART 2

THE coast of Spain showed like a strip of white tape along the horizon. A lighthouse and a square white building that looked as if it had been built of children's bricks stood on top of the cliffs. After cruising round for a bit, Kipper appeared to have found the rendezvous he was seeking, and anchored.

When the schooner stopped moving, the heat came down like a warm, damp blanket. It was breathless weather. The yacht lay almost motionless. Silver fish slipped through the warm water and nosed curiously about it. White gulls circled round the mast and perched in the rigging.

No one came. On the second day, Kipper started to drink. He had more or less monopolised the saloon. Susan and Mrs. Parminter never went there now; they lived in their cabins.

"You'll want some supper," said Mrs. Parminter, trying to distract the men's attention from Susan.

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Mrs. Parminter was pleased when she saw him on deck a little unsteady on his legs, sweeping the horizon with glasses for the friends who did not come. If only he would drink himself into a coma, she might get the revolver she knew he had somewhere. Once she got the revolver—but the very thought of it made her shiver.

"Susan, do you think you could shoot anyone?" she asked.

Susan looked at her, surprised. "Rather! Of course I could. I don't say I should like it, but I certainly could do it. Especially if it were him."

That's youth, thought Mrs. Parminter. I had forgotten. When you are young, you are sure there is nothing you cannot do. And all of a sudden she remembered how she had sat doing needlework on a summer's afternoon, long ago, on a window seat looking out on to a garden where bees were busy in the forget-me-nots, and had known without any doubt whatever that she would never die.

Kipper came unsteadily down the deck to where they were sitting.

"What are you two hanging around for, wasting time?" he asked irritably. "Scrub her down. Clean her up. Don't you know you always scrub ship in port?"

His eyes were red and angry and his hands twitched nervously. Perhaps it was the rum or perhaps, thought Mrs. Parminter, he was a little scared, being kept waiting with such an incriminating cargo inside territorial waters. At any moment a coastguard cutter might loom up out of the mist and question them.

They fetched the pails and swabs and set to cleaning the decks.

"Humor him, that's the idea," said Mrs. Parminter, down on her knees, making a lot of noise with the holystone. "Being unconventional is all very well, but you see now where it can lead you, Susan. If we ever get out of this, I am going to settle down and learn to knit."

"If we ever get out? Do you mean to say you think perhaps we won't?" said Susan unsteadily.

"Of course we shall," said Mrs. Parminter, with more certainty than she felt. "Make a lot of noise with the holystone, dear, and I'll have a look and see what he is doing."

She crept along the deck and looked through the saloon porthole. Kipper lay on the settee, his mouth open, the hair on his forehead wet with the heat. He was snoring in a loud, uneasy fashion.

Mrs. Parminter stood looking down at him with loathing. If only I dared to frisk him for his revolver, she thought. No promising bulges anywhere told her of its presence. The half-empty bottle of rum had fallen from his hand. It lay on the floor, its contents spilling messily over the carpet.

The harsh snell of rum filled the air. He might have left the revolver in his quarters, thought Mrs. Parminter. He's too drunk to know what he's doing this afternoon.

She hadn't been into his cabin since they went to sea. It was aft, behind the storerooms. When she had shown him into it at Portsmouth, it had been neat and clean, all swept and garnished, a calendar showing the correct date on the wall. She stood a moment, horrified at the chaos that now met her eyes.

The bunk was unmade, a heaped-up bundle of unsavory-looking blankets. He had removed the pillow-case long since, and used his pillow in the ticking. The smell of tobacco filled the air, and on the walls were pictures . . .

Please turn to page 24



John Mills



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Elizabeth Arden

L O N D O N • N E W Y O R K • P A R I S • S Y D N E Y

AT 10 o'clock on a Monday morning, Inspector Handy, of the Homicide Squad, was in his office. His telephone rang, and Handy picked up the receiver.

"It's Monty Grenker here," said a voice at the other end.

"Yes, Monty. What can I do for you?" Handy was a man who had few friends but many acquaintances. Monty, for many years a producer of successful plays, almost qualified as a friend, but the two men's jobs kept them apart.

Handy rarely visited the theatre, and Monty had not yet been unfortunate enough to encounter Handy in his official capacity.

"It's about Mary West. I . . . she—she was found dead—"

"Mary West? Oh, yes. I'm sorry about that. For the moment I didn't connect her with you . . . but, of course, she's the actress—"

"She was also my fiancée. We . . ."

"Your fiancée? Oh, I am very . . ."

"It wasn't exactly official yet. I . . . er—wanted to ask you if you'd come over. If you could do anything—find out anything—I'd be most grateful, Handy. It would help if I just knew what happened to her. I . . ."

"Why, of course," said Handy. "Anything I can do. Where are you speaking from?"

"Mary's flat. Detective-Sergeant Allen is in charge here. Would you like to speak to him?"

"No. Never mind. I'll come right over."

Some ten minutes later Handy reached Mary West's flat and was



PLAY FOR TIME

By D. A. MCKINLAY

admitted by Monty. Monty's face was white and set, and he had not had time to shave. He wore a light grey suit with a scarf around his throat. He was sucking jerkily at a cigarette.

Handy went into the flat and walked down the short hall, noting, without seeming to, the expensive carpet, two water-colours on the wall, the alcove with the telephone, table, and chair.

He sat down in an easy-chair in the lounge and stared at the golden pollen which had fallen on to a table from a huge bowl of gladioli.

Monty followed him into the room and began to pace up and down. A few moments passed. Then Handy pointed to a chair.

"Why don't you sit down?" he said.

Monty stopped his pacing. "Eh?" He seemed to reflect for a moment. Then he sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"This is a bad business," said Handy awkwardly. "I'm very sorry to hear about it. I—"

Just then Detective-Sergeant Allen came out of another room.

"Good morning, sir," he said to Handy. "Do you want to take over?"

"No, carry on. I'm a friend of Mr. Grenker. He asked me to come over to see if there was anything I could do."

"Well, I'm afraid it's a plain case of suicide. You know—"

"That's just what I can't believe," burst in Monty. "Why would Mary commit suicide? She—she had everything to live for. It must have been—there must be some foul play somewhere. It won't bring Mary back, but I want you to find out how she did die, Handy."

"Don't worry," said Handy. "Even though it might appear to be suicide

now, Detective Allen will tell you that we investigate these cases thoroughly."

He added quietly, "If there's any possibility of anything else, we'll leave no stone unturned to get to the bottom of it. Now I suggest that you and Detective Allen sit down and tell me what you both know about the case."

Detective Allen sat down, and Monty lit another cigarette.

"I can tell you what I know in a few words," said Monty. "I last saw Mary yesterday. We had lunch together and she was in her usual health and spirits. Then I drove her home—that is—back here and left her. Last night I didn't see her."

He paused for a moment. "I never saw her on Sunday nights," he went on. "She always spent Sunday night quietly, resting and reading. This morning her maid rang me at about eight o'clock and . . . and told me that she was dead. I . . . came straight over. The police were here and—"

"That's right," said Detective Allen. "Miss West's maid arrived this morning at eight o'clock and let herself in with a key that she carried. Upon entering Miss West's bedroom she found Miss West lying dead on the floor."

His voice was official. "A pistol with one chamber discharged lay near her head," he concluded. "Miss West had been dead some time. According to medical opinion at least ten hours."

"And the shot?" Handy asked.

"Does not seem to have been heard by anyone. The flats are soundproof. The occupants of the

next-door flat were away. There is much motor traffic in the neighborhood, and most noises are put down to the backing of cars."

"I see," murmured Handy, half to himself. "And who owns the gun?"

"The gun has been identified by Mr. Grenker as belonging to Miss West herself. She—"

"That's right," Monty broke in. "She'd had it as long as I knew her. Sometimes she used it on the stage when the part needed a gun. But to my knowledge she had no ammunition."

DETECTIVE ALLEN continued: "The pistol was only loaded in one chamber. No other ammunition has been found in the flat. As regards the fatal shot. It appeared to have been fired from close range. Miss West was shot through the heart, and there were extensive powder marks round the wound."

"A note written on a page torn from an autograph album was found on the bed. The album was on a writing-desk in the bedroom."

He handed the Inspector a sheet of paper. "Mr. Grenker identifies the writing as Miss West's."

"That's true," muttered Monty.

Handy read the note. "Now that it's time for parting let's have no tears. Remember me gratefully and with a smile and I will be amply rewarded."

It was signed "Mary West."

"It seems a clear-cut case of suicide," said Allen. "There's no evidence of foul play whatsoever. Of course, we'll check the gun for

fingerprints and, when the bullet is recovered, we'll see if it was fired from that gun."

"It doesn't make sense. That's all I can say," said Monty. "I knew Mary. Suicide and she don't go together. She—she's just not the type that suicides, I tell you."

Handy stood up. "Well, I'll take a look."

He went into the next room with Allen. Monty remained in the lounge-room.

Mary West's bedroom was tastefully furnished in cedar and cream. A police photographer was at work in it. Handy looked for a moment on the face of the dead actress, still beautiful in death, then walked slowly round the room until he came to the writing-desk where presumably Mary had written her farewell message.

He stood looking at it for some moments, and Allen came over and stood beside him. The album, obviously a cheap one with a green imitation-leather cover, lay on the writing-desk.

Among all the beautiful and costly furnishings of the room it seemed to Handy to be out of place. He picked up some of the writing-paper and examined the water-mark. Like everything else, it was of fine quality. "Seems funny," he said to Allen, "that she used this cheap album when she had all this expensive paper about."

"I don't think a suicide worries about the quality of notepaper," answered Allen.

"Perhaps not," Handy picked up the album. "Wonder what she bought this for? Actresses usually hand out autographs, not collect them."

"It might be the maid's," said Allen.

"Why, yes, I sold an album like that last week," the girl told Clough immediately.

Handy picked up the album and carried it into the next room with him.

"Ever seen this before?" he asked Monty.

"Why, no," said Monty. "That's the album Mary wrote in, is it?"

"Yes."

Monty examined it closely. "No, I've never seen it before. What's more, I'd like to guarantee that Mary never bought it. It's cheap and nasty. She never bought a thing like that in her life."

"I'll ask the maid," said Handy. "Where is she?"

The maid, already overwrought by police questioning, jumped when she saw Handy. However, he soon calmed her and almost had her smiling before he left her. She assured him that she had never seen the album.

Handy took the album back to Allen.

"Bring this along with you," he said. "We might want it later."

"Very well."

"I'm going now. I'll leave you to it."

He touched Monty lightly on the shoulder.

"Can I drop you off somewhere? There's no point in staying here."

Monty stood up. "Yes, Yes, you can. I—I came here by taxi."

Please turn to page 36

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Smart, streamlined
new model with
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Biro Minors:

In red, blue, black
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Complete with cap.
6/-. Refills **3/9**.
N.B. for the Boss! Give
the staff "Biro Minors".
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THE **BRITISH** BALL POINT PEN

★ **Biro**

Autumn Wedding

By BETH DUTTON

THROUGH the open window beside Cathy Bridges' desk, crisp October air came leaping into her sixty-third floor office.

"Yours sincerely, George Stanley, President," she typed, then whisked the letter out of the machine, thinking with approbation of George Stanley, President.

He owned the steamship line his father had built up, he had a house in town and two country ones, and belonged to all the best clubs. He also had a pretty daughter who was on the brink of becoming Mrs. Thornton Drummond, of New York, Tuxedo, Warrenton, and other lofty places.

At the thought of the glamorous wedding, Cathy's mind wandered from her work. She read the society pages and she could picture Alida Stanley sweeping up the aisle of a lavishly decorated church behind a whole procession of pastel-robed bridesmaids—

Cathy's buzzer sounded, and she reached for her notebook and pencil. When she went into Mr. Stanley's

room she always felt as if she were walking into an advertisement. She loved the satin-smooth finish of the panelled walls, the fine prints of early Stanley ships, and the aloof air of the great uncluttered desk.

"Miss Bridges, we're in a jam at the house," Mr. Stanley said as she sat down. "With Alida's wedding a week to-day, Miss Giles has to go and get appendicitis. She's being operated on this morning. Mrs. Stanley could get a substitute secretary from one of the agencies; but she can't be certain it would be someone competent, and we're wondering if you'd help out."

To Cathy, it was an invitation to enter heaven.

She could hardly wait to tell Dal about it, and, as soon as she got back to her desk, she telephoned him.

"Oh, Dal, can you meet me for lunch? I've got such news!"

There was silence.

"Dal?" He was a lamb, but Cathy couldn't help getting a little impatient with him sometimes.

"All right," he finally replied. "I was going to ring you, anyway. I've got news, too."

Dal was in a paper manufacturing concern, and Cathy had hopes he would soon work up and eventually be a vice-president. But, left to himself, he wouldn't lift a finger for promotion or more money, and his lack of ambition bothered her.

That is, when she was away from him it did, but always when she saw him—tall, loose-knit, loving her in his seemingly casual way—she put the problem at the back of her mind, sure that some day she would be able to make him realise the importance of money and position.

So when they met, she could hardly wait to burst out with her news: "Mrs. Stanley's secretary had an operation this morning and I'm going to take her place till after the wedding. I'll see all the inside workings of a big society wedding, all the lovely presents, all the excitement and thrill. I'm so happy I could throw my hat in the air—only it's such a nice hat."

"Why do you bother with a hat? No one gets beyond your eyes."

"Dal! Thank you." She leaned forward eagerly. "Some day we'll have a lot of money and everything that goes with it."

He didn't comment, and she said: "You haven't told me your news."

Dal looked at the cigarette in his hand, then suddenly very straight at Cathy.

"Cath, I heard this morning there's to be an opening up at the mill in Maine. I can get it if I ask for it." He leaned towards her. "We can be married as soon as you've finished this job and—"

"And go and live in a little mill town!" Cathy's voice was shrill. "Dal Cochrane, what are you talking about?"

Please turn to page 40

The Australian Women's Weekly
December 19, 1949. Page 5

I'll go crazy in a minute, Cathy thought, gazing from mother to daughter, then away into space.



The Gift the family gives itself!



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The Little Nipper

The most compact and beautiful little mantel model radio you've ever seen. 4 Colours. £17/17/-. (10/6 extra in W.A.)



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Plugs into your present radio.
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'H.M.V.' Table Radiogram. 5
Valves. A.C. Dual Wave.
£55/13/-. For 40-cycle operation.
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Model B61B

'H.M.V.' Battery Portable.
£30/9/- complete. (10/6 extra in
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Model B13B

'H.M.V.' Mantel Receiver. 5
Valves A.C. Broadcast £24/3/-.
5 Valves A.C. Dual Wave
£27/6/-. (10/6 extra in W.A.)

Make this Merry Christmas one the whole family will long remember. Instead of giving each other presents why not all contribute and buy an up-to-date 'H.M.V.' radio, or better still, an 'H.M.V.' radiogram for the home. A

few shillings from each member of the family will pay the deposit and the weekly terms are surprisingly low. Then you have a lasting gift. A practical gift. One which you all share and enjoy. A gift you'll be proud to own. Show this ad. to your family. Let them all have a say in the model you choose. Then see your local 'H.M.V.' Retailer and let him demonstrate it for you. He will tell you everything you will want to know about low deposits and easy terms. But you'll need to hurry. Christmas will be here before we know it.



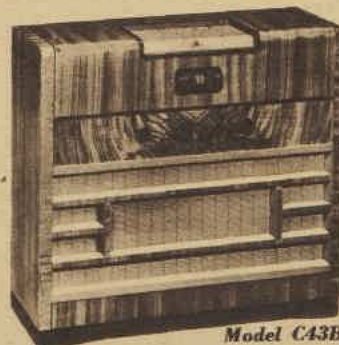
Model E43A

The "Ernest Fisk" De-luxe Autoradiogram. 5 Valves A.C. Dual Wave. £120/15/-. (2 gns. extra in W.A.) For 40 cycle operation £128/10/-.



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'H.M.V.' Console Radiogram
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A.C. Dual Wave. De Luxe Model C43B
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 10, 1949

Rene Suggests

CLOTHES FOR CAREER GIRLS

● The black-and-white checked cotton or tie silk flared skirt and shortie jacket with wide pointed revers is a good office basic and can be worn with varied colored blouses or a starched white blouse and either black or white hat and accessories.

● Striped linen makes the washing suit at right, with its dressmaker jacket featuring a draped pique collar at the low, cool neckline, pique cuffs and pocket tops. The skirt is fairly flared.



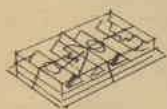
● The neat-as-a-pin, navy-blue-and-white dress, above, is of linen and has white pique collar, cuffs, and belt. The skirt is a sheath with an unpressed-pleated flying panel at one side.

● For the hottest days the printed silk dress, at left, has a wide collared neckline and the shortest sleeves. The diagonal front-closing runs into a side pocket drape on the flared skirt. Made in cotton, it would be easy to launder.

Rene

a Gift she will love

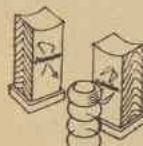
by
Goya



The Goya Collection—four luxury perfumes in handbag phials, 14/6.



Thick and Thin—Goya's new lipstick idea worn by the stars—10/6 the set.



Decision and Vibration—Goya's new "Twin" perfumes. De Luxe Size, 5/6; Phials, 3/6 each.




Goya's gay perfume. Crackers containing two tiny handbag phials, 7/6.



One gift—four wishes granted. Goya's Travel Quarters of Perfumes, 44/6.

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Made from gilt metal, featherweight and packed in an attractive plastic box. Supplied complete with two of the famous Laurel Sheffield Steel razor blades. A high quality British Product obtainable from all Stores.

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ADDITIONAL SUPPLIES of RAZOR BLADES are easily obtainable at all CHEMISTS and STORES in packets of 5.

7567



MRS. WYNN WILLIAMS, mixed-shop proprietor: "I'd like my vote to help give good conditions generally for the greatest number of people, whether rich or poor. I'm for legislation with a heart behind it."



REV. GEOFFREY FLETCHER: "Less party politics and more independent thought and action from Members of Parliament. Strict adherence to the party platform is not good."

Voters say what they want



REG BARTUSH, street cleaner: "I'm content with the legislation we're getting now. Some things could be improved, of course, but the worker is getting a fair go and poor people can be as happy as the rich."



MARGARET FLATTERY, secretary: "Lower prices and more value for my spending money and, therefore, an opportunity to save out of a far too highly taxed salary."



MRS. HODSON, housewife: "I take no notice of politics. Whatever my husband wants from his vote I want from mine, too. I haven't asked him yet what he wants, but I guess he'll tell me on polling day."

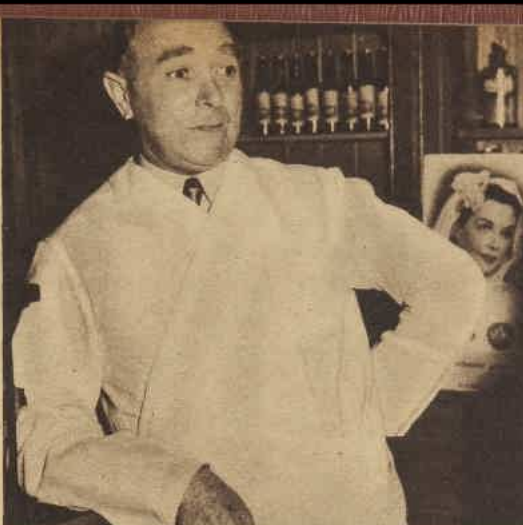


MRS. VIOLET TURNER, housewife: "Lower prices and no shortages. At present, if the basic wage goes up 2/- the housewife has to pay 4/- more for her foodstuffs."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 10, 1949



MRS. MARY HUDSON, shop assistant: "As the family breadwinner, I want a Government that will help me to give my three children the necessities of life so that they will never know want."



SYDNEY ELLIOTT, chemist: "A return to the 44-hour week, a reduction in the Public Service, and increased production. Our present prosperity is due to wheat and wool prices. If they go down only production will save us."



MRS. MARY COOK, 88-year-old pensioner: "A bigger pension. The pittance I get isn't enough to give me any pleasure in life. Old people helped make Australia for the politician, but don't get any thanks for it."

● People pictured on these pages were stopped as they went about their daily round and asked: "What do you hope your vote will bring?"



GEORGE CHAPMAN, invalid pensioner: "Free medicine. I'm too sick to worry about politics. Any Government that gives me free medicine can do just what it likes about other things."



COLLEEN JOHNSON, drink waitress: "It's my first vote and I don't want much for myself, but I would like to see cheaper prices, easier buying all round, and more petrol for families who want to go out motoring at the week-ends."



NORMAN FRASER, traveller: "More petrol, no more strikes, and happy living for everyone. Increased production would be good and would benefit all of us, and I won't complain if taxation is reduced."



MARSHALL NEY, company director: "Incentive payments for labor, lower taxation, continued economic stability, and restricted imports from countries not enjoying our standard of living."



MRS. ADELAIDE GREAT, shop assistant: "More freedom and less indirect taxation. Every time we smoke a cigarette, eat an appetising morsel, go to the movies, or buy something attractive to wear, we are paying very solid tax."



LAURIE CAMPBELL, carpenter: "I want to see the good worker continue to get a fair deal and be sure of his job, so that he won't fear for his family's future."

Photographs by staff photographer Ron Berg.

HILTON



"Waltz Dream" by **HILTON** are Australia's most sought-after HC8R nylons. Smart women everywhere choose *Waltz Dream* super sheer nylons — the stockings that fit perfectly and make legs look lovelier. They're the ideal gift for Christmas.

HILTON FULL FASHIONED Nylon *Stockings*

LOVELY TO LOOK AT — LOVELIER TO WEAR

THEIR CHOICE



● Madeline Archbutt, of Sydney, wears sapphire-blue cotton pedal-pushers and a pale blue shirt-tail jacket with butterfly revers. Madeline is the only one of the six girls who likes pedal-pushers.

● A hooded beach wrap with deep armholes and gathered in at the waist with a sash is worn by Jan Crossing, of Sydney, over her two-piece swimsuit. The ensemble is in lime, yellow, and white.



● Blue-and-white striped cotton makes a casual one-piece for Pam Allsop, of Sydney. The colors are perfect with her blonde hair and suntan. She thinks shark-skin ideal for comfortable swimsuits.



● A short-cut floral cotton beach coat is the choice of Meredith Roberts, of Sydney, with her two-piece swimsuit. She thinks a two-piece suit is comfortable, and prefers pastel colors for her beach wear.

● White pique is the choice of Elaine Blanchard, of Brisbane, for late-day parties, and she has the sleeves and yoke appliqued.



★ In these pictures six pretty and well-known Australian girls pose in some of their summer clothes to show what teenagers prefer here this season



● White cotton printed in a carnation-pink and green floral pattern is worn by Jenny Chapman, of Sydney. It is made with a halter neckline and a full skirt.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 10, 1949



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ROUND-ENDED BRISTLES

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—So smooth, so stimulating, so vigorous in action. The smooth, round tip (mm) of each strand gently slides over the tenderest gums—penetrating between teeth . . . stimulating nerve and blood vessels . . . toning up tissue . . . promoting perfect oral health. Now you can effectively massage your gums (m) while you clean your teeth. Goodbye to torn, lacerated gums from (mm) ordinary cut bristles. For brighter, smoother, glistening, white teeth—(mm) firmly held in rosy pink, healthy gums—start using the Improved Wisdom Toothbrush. Get one . . . without delay . . . for each member of the family. On sale everywhere.

Wisdom
The improved toothbrush

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DIFFERENT LENGTHS**

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Casben Walk-Shorts

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Now, more than ever, whatever your sport, your measurement, your particular taste, there's a Casben that's just right for you. For all the take-it-easy occasions when sports suits and slacks are in order, you'll look better, feel more comfortable, in Casben Walk Shorts.



MEET THE NEW CASBEN FABRICS!

TAUTWILL

Bruck's crease-resisting rayon Gabardine—looks like wool, drapes like wool, feels cool as a cloud!

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Lightweight, smooth, distinguished, a fine, quality cloth for the more conservative. (Also in Sanforised Cotton Twill, so well remembered for its husky good looks and amazing toughness in wear)



EXTRA LENGTH SUITS "HIGHER-UPS"!

Men touching 6ft. (or those who simply prefer less expanse of bare leg) will welcome Casben's "additional" feature—extra inches for the asking in every single style!

*Surprise
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New styles—new fabrics—and now—a "SEALY" WATER WALLET in every pocket of the new season's CASBEN SWIM SHORTS. ("Sealy" takes your valuables swimming, but never gets 'em wet!)

WHATEVER YOUR GAME

Casben's the name IN SPORTSWEAR

LOOK FOR THE  OVAL ON
EVERY GARMENT—IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
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AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE — CASBEN GARMENTS — DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY PICKWICK PRODUCTIONS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY



FEDERAL ELECTIONS

THIS Saturday, December 10, Australians record their votes for the Federal Parliament members who are to govern them for the next three years.

On this page the plans of the two main political parties, as they affect particularly the lives of women, are stated by the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for External Affairs in the Labor Government, the Right Hon. H. V. Evatt, and the Liberal Party Leader, the Right Hon. R. G. Menzies, Leader of the Opposition.



LIBERAL: Increased production

By the Right Hon. R. G. MENZIES

THOUGH economics and public finance have been commonly regarded as the special reserve of men, the people who have paid the greatest price for the false economic and financial doctrines of the past few years have been our wives.

Consider the matter of working hours. Is it not true that as men have worked shorter hours women have worked longer, and that as men have gained more leisure their wives have enjoyed less?

It is true that such problems as these cannot be completely solved by Act of Parliament. But it is indeed high time that attention was paid to those matters of interest to women.

In the joint Opposition policy speech I emphasised our determination, in co-operation with the States, to facilitate the training and provision of domestic workers so that the present burden on so many thousands of wives and mothers can be lightened.

Our plans for reducing the inflated cost of living were also stressed. This is probably the most worrying problem confronting the housewife to-day, the problem of getting a little more value out of the Labor-Socialist £.

Statisticians conservatively allow that the pound of 1939 is now worth only 12/2 in "buying" power. But the average Australian housewife knows only too well that it would be nearer to the mark to say it is worth only 10/-.

Prices can be reduced only if increased production of essential goods and commodities is achieved. We believe that increased production will be achieved as soon as workers realise that they will benefit directly by their additional effort. Under Labor-Socialist government, they have no such realisation or prospect.

Under the new non-Socialist Government, keen patriotic productive effort will be rewarded by incentive payments and profit-sharing.

But there is another angle. While encouraging production to the full, our Government will hold itself ready to pay price subsidies in appropriate cases; particularly in respect of items affecting the cost of living of basic wage earners.

Further, we have pledged ourselves not only to steady reduction in rates of taxation, but to a review of indirect taxation which so seriously affects cost of living and housing.

Increased tax allowances for medical, dental, and similar expenses is another objective we will attain, together with increased allowances for educational costs.

I fear that the present Government has approached the vital problem of public health by looking for votes rather than for public welfare. At present it is at war with the medical profession.

We are utterly opposed to the Socialistic idea that medical service should become salaried government service, with all its implications, penalising skill and experience and destroying the vital personal relationship between doctor and patient.

We will increase the value of Social Services; and I wish to make it very clear where we stand on the question of child endowment. If the basic wage, whether increased in amount or not, remains on the same foundation as at present, we will give some extra help to families by providing an endowment of 5/- per week for the first child under 16 years, the second and subsequent children continuing to be endowed, as at present, at 10/- per week. If the foundation of the basic wage is altered and its amount is calculated by reference to the needs of a married couple without children, then we shall, of course, provide endowment for the first child on the 10/- rate.

LABOR: A planned security

By the Right Hon. H. V. EVATT

THE women of Australia are deeply concerned with two forms of security; at home, the safety of the family bread-winner in his job; abroad, the continuance of peace, to preserve the lives of sons, husbands, and sweethearts.

These two securities are the dearest concerns of the Labor Party.

The Prime Minister, in his policy speech, has told you that the protection of the community from want, unemployment, and insecurity, is our great objective.

On women, the heaviest burdens of unemployment fall. Many have the bitterest memories of the depression of the 'thirties, when the men of the family were out of work, and despair entered the bravest hearts.

The Labor Party will never accept the defeatist theory so often put forward that depressions are inescapable, that they spread out of repercussions from abroad, that once recession begins in the financial centres of the world it must lay its paralysis on industry in every corner of the world.

We believe that wise forethought and vigorous measures can cushion any shock to Australia's economy.

It is our resolve that Australian women shall never again have to spin out a dole in an attempt to put adequate meals on the family table and shoes on the children's feet, to face the shame of eviction for unpaid rent. Ours is no empty resolution. It is based on a practical programme.

A vast industrial and developmental programme has been drawn up. Should any overseas slump begin to show its effect here, these undertakings will immediately take up any slack of employment. Nobody will be left without work.

While everybody works, everybody buys. The money goes round to the grocer and the landlord; secondary industries which have expanded so much during the past ten years can keep on producing goods which consumers can keep on buying. By these means, this country can — and will — be protected against unemployment.

None of these works would be undertaken just to provide jobs. They are the schools, hospitals, houses, roads, and irrigation the country needs now, but for which it lacks the necessary manpower and materials. No country in the world has such a weapon against depression.

As a last word on employment — we reject with contempt the theory that a percentage of unemployment, small enough not to affect trade too badly, is essential to discipline the worker, who, such theorists say, works best when the fear of dismissal hangs over him.

We say the fear of unemployment is a nightmare thing that saps men's initiative, crows their spirit, and fouls the very air of freedom that is every Briton's heritage.

The Labor Party knows that, without peace abroad, its finest schemes for welfare at home are futile. In all the councils of the nations in which this Government has shared, it has looked for international understanding and settlement and lasting peace.

It will continue to do so, to save Australian manhood from the horrors of war and Australian womanhood from the heartbreak war brings.

We, the Labor Party, have one fundamental principle — the betterment of the people. We aim to make Australia great by making it a better place for all Australians.

ELECTION TIME

NEARLY five million Australians will go to the polls on Saturday in the exercise of their right to appoint a government.

This right to a free and secret ballot is the basis of democracy. Like every other right, it involves a complementary duty—that is, to go to the polls alert and informed on the issues involved.

Too many neglect this duty.

Some—men as well as women—find the elections a tiresome interruption to their Saturday routine, and vote simply to avoid a fine.

Others vote unquestioningly according to family tradition.

Far too many know only vaguely what all the "fuss" is about, and cast their votes without any serious attempt to assess the merits of parties or candidates. All this is not good enough.

If democracy has any value or meaning at all, your vote matters.

It should be the result of a continuing political awareness, not a snap decision made at election time when claim and counter claim, gibe and promise, fill the air.

Those who watch the political story all the year, and assess the actions of men and parties constantly, go to the polls with a real conviction as to which party is most likely to do the things they want done for the good of the community.

They will vote on Saturday with the comfortable feeling that they have done a civic duty to the best of their ability. Win or lose, that's a good thing to have.

CAROLINE CHISHOLM: Friend of migrants

WHEN you read the life of Caroline Chisholm you wonder whether we women nowadays haven't become a little spoiled and soft.

In this age of labor-saving devices, telephones, and processed foods, a woman with six children is regarded as one who "has her hands full;" no one would think it odd if she found she had little time to devote to waifs and strays, land reform or conditions on migrant ships.

Yet Caroline Chisholm not only had six children, but accomplished without, at first, any money, assistance or even encouragement the task of settling thousands of men and women in jobs and on the land in Australia.

She organised an efficient system of migration from Britain, got rid of the "hell-ships" that the migrants had been used to travel in, and later in life fought for a system of land-settlement for miners on the gold-diggings.

So well known and so beloved did she become during her life that a letter from Australia addressed to her as "Mrs. Chisholm, the Emigrants' Friend, England or elsewhere," reached her at once without any trouble.

The story of how she performed her tremendous self-appointed task is one of the most fascinating in Australia's brief history.

It is particularly interesting just now, when Australia is bent on making things as attractive as possible for migrants, to look back a hundred years or so and see how she approached the migrant problem then.

The 1830's and 1840's were then, as now, years of intense labor shortages. The young colony, pressing forward to prosperity in agriculture and industry, was hungry for cheap labor.

Proposals were in the air for bringing in workers from abroad, workers of any race or color; and all kinds of inducements were held out to agents who could persuade people to migrate.

Though the proposals to bring in colored workers were frustrated at every turn, migrants continued to tumble haphazardly into the colony from the British Isles, chiefly as a result of the notorious "bounty" system.

Under this system, migration agents combed Britain for migrants, telling them wonderful tales about the wealth to be picked up in the colony, urging husbands to leave their wives to follow, separating women from their children, hardly giving them time to pack a few belongings, in their eagerness to hurry them on board ship and earn their "bounty" in the shape of a fee from the Government for each migrant "collected."

No one, neither agent nor Government, cared what kind of conditions the unfortunate migrants had to endure on their four months'



CAROLINE CHISHOLM, whose great work in helping to settle migrant girls in jobs made her famous among Australia's pioneer women.

voyage, or whether they had jobs, friends, or homes to go to when they landed in Australia.

When Mrs. Chisholm arrived in Sydney in 1839, with her husband, she was at once appalled by the helpless state of the women migrants in particular.

Hundreds of them had no friends and nowhere to go, and, worst of all, no money. At one time a party of 64 girls who landed in Sydney had between them the sum of 14/12. In 1841, 600 women of good character were walking about the streets of the town looking for work, and it was almost impossible for them to earn an honest living. Some of them lodged in huts; some wandered penniless through the streets all night;

Pioneer mother of six children, she found jobs for hundreds of girls in new colony

some slept in the public gardens or under the rocks in the Domain; all of them were hopeless and despairing.

Yet, before Mrs. Chisholm left the colony on a visit to England six years later, she had by her own efforts settled 11,000 of these people in good situations, and her organisation was on such a sound basis that she was able to leave it for a while in order to carry on her task at the British end.

The day she left Sydney was the occasion of a great public demonstration; and she was regarded almost as a saint by the people she had befriended.

Caroline Chisholm was born in England, about 1808, at Wotton, in

Northamptonshire. Her father was William Jones, a farmer who was also a philanthropist, and who seems to have been extraordinarily advanced in his methods of bringing up his children. In the days when children were seen and not heard at the penalty of severe beatings, William Jones not only allowed his children to be present at family conclaves, but frequently asked their opinions about the proposals under discussion.

He seized every opportunity to awaken their social conscience and their sense of responsibility. One of Caroline's earliest memories was of a wounded soldier who was invited to stay with them, and who, it was carefully explained to the Jones children, had placed them forever in his debt because he had fought for them.

Caroline's interests in later life were foreshadowed in her childish games. Her first attempt at colonisation took place in a wash-hand basin in which she sent ships of broad beams across the water, with tiny matchstick families on board, and landed them safely in the bed-quilt on the other side of the basin.

When she was about 22 she married a quiet young lieutenant in the East India Company's forces, Archibald Chisholm, whose tastes and opinions were much like her own.

They went off to Madras, and there Caroline lost no time in setting up a school for the daughters of the soldiers. It had the somewhat terrifying title of "The Female School of Industry," but its methods of education were revolutionary.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Ordinary school subjects were taught, but they were all made a living and dramatic part of the subject of housekeeping. The little girls ran the school themselves; some kept the stores; others were the cooks and housekeepers; all kept careful records of expenditure, quantities, and the purposes for which the goods were used.

Waste of any kind was the cardinal sin, as can be judged from a remark made by Mrs. Chisholm in the margin of one of the account books. Beside a reference to the making of barley water from two extra spoonfuls of barley, she writes: "What use did you make of the boiled barley after drawing off the water?"

The Female School of Industry was an immense success, and when the Chisholms decided to leave India because of the state of Captain Chisholm's health, it was taken over by the Government. The Chisholms sailed for Australia in 1838. After visiting various parts of the colony, they finally settled with their three children at Windsor, near Sydney. Three more children were born to them later.

Caroline's decision to embark on her career of reform seems to have had the full approval and support of her husband, but most of the early work had to be undertaken without even the comfort of his presence, for in 1840 he was recalled to India.

Mrs. Chisholm also had to battle with her own conscience before she could start work. A gentlewoman's sole appropriate sphere in those days was her home and children and her polite social life; any woman who had the hardihood to think otherwise was regarded as faintly immoral.

Mrs. Chisholm was a deeply religious woman, and she regarded the family as the most important unit of society, so that the decision to leave her children to the care of nurses or governesses must have been a really difficult one. The broader claims of humanity, however, won the day, and she set about her first formidable task of finding shelter for her homeless migrant women.

Continued on page 47

A Normal Life For Twins

PARENTS who treat twins, particularly identical twins, alike because they look alike may rob their children of the chance to face the world apart.

Twins are born once in about 90 births and about a quarter of these are identical twins—always the same sex, appearance, blood-group, and headshape. The other three-quarters are fraternal twins.

Identical twins often are so linked mentally, spiritually, and emotionally that ordinary people cannot understand the tie.

Parents shouldn't encourage them to think how alike they are. One trained nurse says that they should be dressed in different clothes from infancy and encouraged to make friends with other children.

Psychiatrists add that if they haven't developed independence when they reach their teens, they should be sent to different schools or take up different occupations.

An article in A.M. for December gives the scientific reasons why some twins are identical and others fraternal, and discusses how they may be given normal lives.

A.M., now on sale, is the best magazine shillingworth for men and women.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY GUS



YOUTHFUL GUESTS. Marie Auckett and Canadian Eric Flanders, of Montreal, attend Pacific Club's party at Palm Beach. Party officially opened season, and lots of pretty cottons made their first appearance.



BRIGHT FOURSOME. Mr. and Mrs. John Minter (left), with Nancy Baldick and Sam Walder at Palm Beach Pacific Club party. The Minters were Sam Walder's house guests for the week-end.



HORSE SHOW. Ross Field sells a hot dog to Berri Downie at Horse Show held at St. Ives Showground by Torchbearers for Legacy. Riding events and refreshment stalls make Show profitable for Legacy.

Intimate Gossipings

COUNTRY folk agog with news of forthcoming marriage early in January of Ailsa Robertson and John Daly.

Disregard Ailsa's comment that wedding will be quietly celebrated, as list of Robertsons' friends is legion and their hospitality is byword in Gundagai and surrounding districts.

Ailsa is second daughter of the J. O. Robertsons, of Nargoon, Gundagai, and John, who is with British India Steam Navigation Company, hails from Portsmouth, England.

Bride-to-be has been staying in Sydney at Whale Beach, and lately at Potts Point with Commander and Mrs. Kerruish before returning to Gundagai to make final wedding plans.

LAST-MINUTE rush for tickets for Bush Book Club book ballot, which is to be drawn this Wednesday by Mrs. Gregory Blaxland. Although cost of tickets is fifteen shillings, each ticket wins a prize. During recent trip abroad, Miss Barbara Knox has busy time between holidaymaking and procuring signed copies of famous authors for ballot. So there's no knowing what plum you may draw — anything from a year's subscription to Book Society to a set of Thackeray or three volumes of Pamela Travers' "Mary Poppins" books.

One book Miss Knox is very thrilled to have secured is a copy of Noel Coward's "Middle East Diary," which is inscribed "To Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent," signed "Noel."



GUARD OF HONOR for Lieut. Bryan Cleary, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Mrs. Yvonne Morgan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Parle, of Potts Point, and widow of Captain John L. Morgan, U.S.N.C. Bryan is only son of Mrs. M. Cleary, of Adelaide, and late Mr. A. L. Cleary. Bride's sisters, Molly and Marcia Parle, in background with Lieut. John Shearing, R.A.N., and Peter Spring.



RECEPTION. Lawrence Payne (left), Norman Mitchell, Jean Fox, Harold Kaskel, and Rosemary Vercos, members of the Stratford-upon-Avon company, attend reception given by Lord Mayor, Alderman O'Dea, and Mrs. O'Dea, at Town Hall.



WED AT ST. MARY'S. Robert Vickers and his bride, formerly Joyce Jackson, only child of Mrs. A. K. Jackson, of Mosman, leave St. Mary's Cathedral after marriage. Robert is only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Vickers, of Mosman, formerly of Sussex, England. Couple honeymoon in Tasmania.



RHODES SCHOLAR Dr. Brian Smith and his Western Australian wife, formerly Joy D'Arcy Evans, who were married recently in England. They returned to Australia in the Strathmore. Joy will spend Christmas with her parents, then travel to Sydney, where she and Brian will make their home.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Bill MacPhillamy and his pretty bride, formerly Wendy Prince, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, for reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club. Wendy is only daughter of Mrs. Leeson Prince, of Rose Bay, and the late Major Leeson Prince. Bill is son of the A. O. MacPhillamys, of Charlton, Rockley.

RECEIVING congratulations on birth of their son, Elaine and Robert Taylor, of Wagga, decide to call him Philip John. Elaine has been staying in Sydney with her sister and brother-in-law, Marjorie and Jack Pagan, before making St. Luke's her address. Couple have one other child, a daughter, Margaret.

TWO pretty lasses to choose end of November for their weddings are Lola Coventry and Margot Pender. Lola marries Dr. Herbert Rose at St. Stephen's, Willoughby. Formerly a nurse at R.P.A. Hospital, Lola is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Coventry, of Forbes. Lola and her husband are honeymooning at Port Macquarie.

Margot, who is youngest daughter of Mrs. Dorothy Pender, of Crenmore, and the late C. J. Pender, of Maitland and Fiji, married Russell Trevor Hughes, of New Zealand, at St. Andrew's, Roseville.

NEWLYWEDS Sam and Joy Ash-ton honeymoon at Jervis Bay before leaving for Queensland, where they will make their home at Brisbane Island. Bride, formerly Joy Hain, of Cooma, fourth daughter of Mr. H. R. Hain, of The Willows, Cooma, and the late Mrs. Hain.

THRILLING time for Diana Gregory, beautiful young Sydney matron, when she completes trousseau shopping and starts cutting out and making her wedding frock. Diana leaves Sydney by air on Christmas Eve, and will arrive in Auckland on Christmas Day, where she will be greeted by her fiancé, Donald Kirk, of the "Amie Get Your Gun" Company. "Wedding will take place as soon as we can arrange it for after Christmas Day," Diana tells me.

REUNION afternoon tea at Wintergarden in Australia Hotel when Mesdames Denis Black, B. Twivey, C. Marsh, J. Crofts, G. Saux, M. Munro, A. Nettleton, Mrs. T. Walkom, and Miss Gwen Crofts meet together when all are in town from Blayney.

HONEYMOON in Orange for newlyweds the Clifford Butterworths, who were married recently at the Methodist Church, Lindfield. Bride formerly Kresser Lees, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lees, of Lindfield. Kresser thrilled with family's wedding gifts—a diamond wristlet watch and a string of pearls.

Joyce



WHISPERED

Compliments

AT EVERY TURN OF
YOUR HEAD



Only Napro leaves
hair so lustrous . . . so easy to manage

Your hairdresser knows the secret of "easy-to-manage" hair, that's why he often rubs a little Napro Hair Vitalizer into your curls. This scientifically blended preparation restores natural oils, and protects the suppleness of each tiny strand. Even if your hair is brittle or dull through harsh treatments, Napro Vitalizer will give frizzy "permed ends" new sparkling beauty. Loose dandruff disappears, too! So use Napro Hair Vitalizer yourself, or ask your hairdresser to use it.



Danger

MEN AT
WORK . . .

Watch out girls! Take care of your heart when "that man" uses Napro Hair Vitalizer for Men. Just peep at that lustre, vigorous look. Well groomed without "plastering" . . . "be-man" but not "wild-n'-woolly." And not a trace of dandruff! Napro Hair Vitalizer is a scientific preparation to keep scalp and hair healthy . . . hair well groomed.



Happy couple bring home the bacon

By MARY ST. CLAIRE
of our London staff

One of England's most ancient institutions, the "Court of Married Happiness," held in villages all over the country, is proving a big tourist attraction and dollar earner.

Interest in the "Court" lapsed between the two world wars, but they are booming again, and like May Day frolics, Guy Fawkes Day, and fairs, are part of the traditional England that visitors from the New World like to see.

IN the Court of Married Happiness a couple stand on trial before a "judge" and "jury" of six bachelors and six spinsters and claim by ancient rule a fitch of bacon as their reward for staying happy "one year and a day."

For seven hundred years couples have been coming forward to these Courts of Married Happiness. And for 700 years the secrets of the happily married have been told in open court.

This year at the Court at West Wickham, Kent, a grocer, Henry Bill, and his wife, a dressmaker, were the pair on "trial."

She had wide amber eyes, sincerity written on her homely face. She had poise, the air of a woman who knows her own mind. In her look could be seen that elusive and desirable quality—happiness.

He was masculine-looking, tall, fair, with character stamped on his handsome face. He had a gentle manner, and a concern for others. He, too, looked happy, with contentment in his deep blue eyes, and an air of pride in his bearing.

Their marriage had lasted 12 happy years.

"After the first two years our married life was so happy," smiling Mrs. Bill told me, "so my husband and I decided we would be contestants for the fitch."

But in 1939 the war caused discontinuation of the fitch trials in their village.

The Bills had to wait another 10 years to bring their case to court.

In those years Henry Bill served with the American Eagle Squadron, stationed in England.

They saw each other at weekends and on leave.

"But separation caused us no unhappiness," Mrs. Bill said. "Other couples grew apart, quarrelled, and never made it up again, but every year brought us closer together."

Their secrets, extracted by "judge" and "counsel" for the claimants to the fitch and its defence, run something like this:

Top secrets

- They trust each other (both stressed this in their claim).
- They have no money quarrels. ("If we can't afford it this week, it's no use thinking it will be easier to pay for next week.")
- They don't grumble. ("It doesn't help.")
- She is a good cook. ("It's the way to his heart.")
- After that, in any order, come their other secrets for marital bliss.
- They have no in-law troubles. ("My husband loved my mother, who lived with us, as dearly as his own.")
- They never go out without each other.
- They share their laughs as well as their troubles.
- She never scolds him for being late. ("A man can't help running into a pal coming home, can he?")
- He plays darts; she doesn't. ("But I like to watch.")
- She dances; he doesn't care to.

("But I don't mind with whom she dances.")

• He reads at breakfast. ("My father always did; I'm used to it.")

• He paints pin-up girls on tumblers for a hobby. She isn't jealous, thinks they are decorative.

• He gets the Sunday morning cup of tea.

• They do up their house together. ("We love painting and rearranging furniture.")

• They always take a walk together in the evening. ("And sometimes have a beer at the local.")

• He never disappoints her. ("Even if he hates what I want him to do.")

• He loves her to be well dressed. ("I noticed unhappily married men were always critical of their wives spending money on clothes.")

• She takes in dressmaking. ("A woman must have some interest outside her home and husband; it keeps her bright.")

• He rings her every evening just before closing his shop.

• They both had a happy childhood. ("We learned happiness from the cradle up.")

• He is handy round the house. ("It makes everything so smooth running.")

• She thinks his mother as sweet as he thought hers.

• They don't go out a lot. ("A few good friends, not a large social circle.")



HAPPY COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bill after they had won their case in the 1949 "Court of Married Happiness" at Wickham, Kent, England.

with the wireless, he snores, she wore atrocious hats, but saw herself as he saw her in them. He left his teeth in a crumplet at Blackpool, causing her embarrassment.

But no counsel could shake them in their defence that these things did not matter.

The Bills won their fitch, ate it, and are proceeding to live happily ever after. Photos in their family album show them kissing underneath the fitch, a happy reminder of their trial before the Court of Married Happiness.

In marked contrast, one "happy" couple a hundred years ago were sketched for the local paper having a violent quarrel because the fitch their happy married life had won for them wouldn't go into the small bag they had brought along.

Other happy couples have carried home the bacon and won on points over other claimants because—as in the case of Sam Thomas in 1904—"He never stayed out late."

Another contestant claimed he had had "more peace in his time than any other man could stand."

Some Fitches (as the Courts of Married Happiness are known) have attracted very large crowds. The famous Dunmow Fitch (where the first known Court of Married Happiness was held) brought 10,000 visitors the year before World War I.

And there have been such famous judges as T. P. O'Connor, M.P., father of journalism, whose bust stands at the end of Fleet Street. Author and biographer Philip Guedella is another. Long letters to the "Times" show how seriously the Courts of Married Happiness and their award of fitches were taken at the turn of the century.

Sometimes a town has gone down in history for the extraordinary number of homes undisturbed by family squabbles.

At Northallerton, for instance, there were so few nagging wives and so few henpecked husbands that almost the whole town turned out to claim the fitch in 1904. And another year a fitch was won because the husband "drank his wife's castor oil, because she didn't like it."

In 1934 the Bridlington Fitch was won by a couple aged 94 and 89, respectively, when Mr. J. Wilks tipped the scales of justice in their favor by taking 12,045 cups of tea to Mrs. Wilks, and walking 205 miles in doing so.

Because of food regulations the fitch of bacon nowadays is rarely more than a tin of ham or two, and even a fitch of bacon may seem, to those unaccustomed to the droll humor of the English and their love of fairs and foolery, an unromantic reward for a public cross-examination of personal happiness.

Origins lost

Although followers of the ancient custom hear all the secrets extracted by the "judge" and assessed by the "jury," no one knows why a fitch of bacon is the reward. For the custom is so old its origins are lost. The earliest record of the reward is dated 1445 at Dunmow, and can be seen in the cartulary of Dunmow Priory, now in the British Museum.

Even then the ceremony was not in infancy, as Chaucer had written about it a hundred years before, and not as if it were a novelty.

Dunmow is the most famous of the Fitches, for it was Robert Fitzwalter, Baron of Dunmow, who, in the reign of Henry III, rebuilt the Priory and reinstituted the Fitch.

• They have one small party a week. ("Usually on Saturday night, up to half a dozen.")

• They never make plans. ("Then we are not disappointed.")

• They hate leaving their home even for a holiday. ("And if we do we are always unlucky with the weather.")

But it was the three to four kisses before leaving for work in the morning that won for the Bills the fitch of bacon.

Of course the Bills have their faults, and the counsel defending the fitch soon prized little weaknesses out of them.

Mrs. Bill spills powder over the dressing-table while Mr. Bill is most tidy about shaving. She fiddles

Fine feathers get the bird...



"PRETTY GOOD, EH? Why keep a tuxedo for evenings? With check pants, two-tone shoes, long tie, I feel extra-good."



"WASTE a linen hat, sandals, and silk guernsey on the beach? Not I. Put them with a business suit, I'm town-bound."

THE small mistakes made in dress by men who just don't care about clothes may be excusable, but our male model shows here how deplorable are the eye-hitting errors of those who strive wildly for effect. The individual items of his clothing are correct and fashionable in themselves, but assembled so exuberantly they are sartorially shocking and make the wearer look ridiculous.



"HULLO, FOLKS. Pretty natty hacking-coat! I'll put it over striped pants, add a bow-tie, striped shirt, horn-burg, and two-tones and I don't need another thing."



"SEE MY NEW SHIRT? I wear it loose over suit pants with two-tones for spectacular effect."



"WITH DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT, my new shirt, plus smart linen hat and trusty two-tones."



"SHORTS for relaxation. Can't be bothered changing my accessories or even pressing shorts."

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Suave, sophisticated or delicately feminine

WHATEVER their type, the ladies on your gift list will appreciate your thoughtful choice of cosmetics by Innox. Choose one item or several—there's no limit to the gift combinations you can select.

EVERY WOMAN—from seventeen to seventy—welcomes a gift of cosmetics for Christmas... especially cosmetics by Innox of London. Express your good wishes with a gift that promises "loveliness that lasts a lifetime." Innox cosmetics are made to the formulae of world-famous skin specialist, Dr. Francois Debat—each one a masterpiece of the cosmetic art.



Here are gifts to gladden the heart

MAKE up your own gift combinations from these exquisite preparations.

BATH SALTS, BATH POWDER, BATH SOAP, TALCUM POWDER, FACE POWDER, LIPSTICK AND ROUGE.



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One of the delightful Innox Gift Caskets which have arrived from England. There are three different Caskets containing:

1. COMPLEXION MILK, FACE POWDER, MOUSSE OR MATTING CREAM,
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Obtainable from selected retail stores and leading chemists throughout Australia including

N.S.W.: Farmer's... Hordern Bros... Mark Foy's... Anthony Hordern's VIC: Myers... Ball & Welch QLAND: Finney Isles T. C. Beirne... J. Delabundy S.A.: The Myer Emporium (SA) Ltd. Charles Bak's... Miller Anderson's W.A.: Foy's... Boana TAS: A. P. Miller... L. Altra.

85/170-17

MISS HAYNES

looked at Mr. Gray with that strange gleam again.

"I don't think you'll need me for that one," she said, and left him to it.

Vincent stared at the door for a moment and then picked up the remaining letter, which, unlike the others, was still in its slit envelope. Having extracted it and noted that it was from quite a well-known firm of solicitors, he began to read it.

It informed him in perfectly cool language that advices had been received from New York that he was the beneficiary under the will of the late Sonia Latour to the extent of approximately £30,000. Certain formalities still remained, but they did not think it would be very long before the money would be paid over to him.

Vincent stared first at the envelope and then at the letter.

"What an extraordinary mistake!" he murmured. He frowned as he looked at the envelope again. "A most extraordinary mistake," he repeated. "They're a very reputable firm."

Naturally the telephone was the next thing. When he got on to the senior partner he was informed that there was no mistake at all. And while he made quite unintelligible noises into the mouthpiece, the senior partner went on with much the same gleam in his voice as Miss Haynes had had in her eye.

"Congratulations, old boy, congratulations . . . And by the way, if you've got any explaining to do, better not waste any time. The Press are on to it."

Even that did not warn Vincent of the dangers ahead. He sat there at his desk, looking quite dazed and very pink in the face.

It never occurred to him then that £30,000 was a large sum of money and would buy several farms. The amount did not convey anything to him. All that he could realise was that he had been remembered by Sonia Latour.

"But she must have liked me!" he kept saying to himself. "She must have liked me!"

Vincent always walked the last half mile to his house at Putney, and

it was not till he was walking that last half mile that he began to have any serious qualms. Mildred, he knew, liked money; and no amount could be too big. On the other hand, he remembered what she had said about Sonia.

"Serves her right, too, after all those husbands!"

He was not left long in any doubt as to the atmosphere in his home; for as he walked into the drawing-room, his two daughters, now aged twenty-one and twenty-two, immediately walked out without even saying good evening. Mildred remained sitting stiffly in a chair, with a handkerchief in her hand.

"Is there anything wrong, my dear?" Vincent asked innocently.

"Wrong!" Mildred choked, dabbing her eyes. Then she pointed to the evening paper. "Perhaps you can explain that!"

Vincent picked up the paper, and there on the front page was a heading, followed by a short paragraph: **FILM STAR LEAVES FORTUNE TO LONDON SOLICITOR**

Mr. Vincent Gray, solicitor, of Chancery Lane, benefits to the extent of £30,000 under the will of the late Sonia Latour, the famous film actress. The bequest is made "for his comfort and understanding at a difficult time." Mr. Gray acted for Miss Latour when she divorced her second husband in London.

Vincent put the paper down. "I was rather surprised, too," he said feebly.

"So you've known all the time?" Mildred flared at him.

"Only since this morning, my dear," Vincent replied.

"And you're prepared to accept money from this creature?"

"She wasn't a creature, Mildred. Only rather unfortunate in some ways."

"Unfortunate!" Mildred rose majestically to her feet. "You have been a bad husband, Vincent, and a bad father; but I never thought you would be guilty of this!"

"Guilty of what?" Vincent asked blankly.

But Mildred could not bring herself to say it.

The Astonishing Whim

Continued from page 4

"On such a serious matter," she ended heavily, "the family must be consulted. Edith and Ethel will be here to-morrow morning at ten. We shall decide then what is to be done, and until then I have nothing more to say to you."

Vincent sat down after she had swept out of the room. He picked up the evening paper mechanically and put it down again. Comfort and understanding, he thought; it was nice of her to say that! He remembered then the gleam in Miss Haynes' eye and the gleam in the senior partner's voice, as well as the outraged dryness of Mildred's tone.

Fools, he thought, to imagine that Sonia could have been romantically interested in a middle-aged London solicitor; that he could have aspired to any sort of affair with her.

VINCENT GRAY

put some coal on the fire then, and suddenly it seemed that it was a different, younger man who was sitting there.

Instead of being distressed at being treated as an outcast in his own house, he was delighted at the peace it brought him. Instead of dreading the interview which was to take place the next day, he was actually looking forward to it.

The family conference the next morning took place in the drawing-room, and it was as carefully stage-managed as had been the silent exit of the virtuous Misses Gray the evening before. The virtuous Misses Gray were naturally not present on this occasion. It was reserved for those who knew the depths to which humanity could sink.

Mildred's part was that of the wife who was too humiliated to speak for herself, and her case was presented by Vincent's own two righteous sisters.

It was Edith who made a start.

"We have not got a moment to lose," she began. "The Press are on the doorstep at this moment, and we must decide how to save the family from public shame."

"Your associations with this woman," Ethel added in explanation, "are a matter between you and Mildred. She will decide about that later."

"The immediate thing," Edith took the lead again, "is the family. We must decide what is to be done about this—er—legacy. To repudiate it would invite inquiry as to why it was given and why it was refused. At the same time, of course, Mildred could not touch a penny of it, nor can you, Vincent. The only thing, therefore, is to make it over at once to the two girls."

Vincent could hardly believe his ears; but he had decided not to show his hand prematurely, and he remained silent.

"You can explain to the Press," Ethel now broke in, "that the money was really left to you in trust for your daughters. Miss Latour took a fancy to them when she was over here, but could not leave them the money direct because they were minors."

"They are not minors," Vincent observed quietly.

"They were minors," Edith said firmly, "at the time she made the will. That, at least, is what you can tell the Press."

"You must see," Ethel added, "that it is the only way out, and entirely for your own good."

Vincent thought for a moment. Before he started in, there was just one thing that he had to know for certain.

"It is very kind of you to take all this trouble," he said gently. "And I am thankful that you are all convinced at last that there was nothing guilty in my association with Miss Latour."

Mildred forgot her part. "We're not convinced of any such thing," she said loudly.

Vincent then at last knew the kind of people he had been living with for all these years: and he blushed with shame for them. Never had there been a more sorry bargain between virtue and avarice. They were too greedy to let the money go, and so they had to dry-clean it before they used it for the family.

GRAY looked round from one to another, and finally stood up. He spoke very slowly and distinctly in a tone they had never heard before.

"There is," he said, "a somewhat ugly word for a man who is prepared to benefit financially from the immoral behaviour of his wife. I think it would be an even uglier word still if it were a woman who benefited from the immoral behaviour of her husband."

They stared at him now as though they could not believe their ears.

"Vincent, how dare you!" Mildred began.

"There is nothing more to be said," he proceeded calmly. "It is quite clear that I am the only one who can use this money with a clean conscience, and I am going to use it. I am going to buy a farm, and it will be a long, long way from Putney."

"But, Vincent, the Press!" Ethel was aghast.

"I have nothing to say to the Press," Vincent ended. "And I have only one thing more to say to you three . . . You all have very ugly legs."

Ethel's daughter Janet was in the hall when Vincent came down the stairs. Janet was eighteen, and pretty, and had curves. He could never understand how Ethel had produced her.

"Uncle Vincent!" Her voice had a curious upward lilt.

"Yes, my dear," Vincent replied. "The Press are here," Janet said breathlessly. "I've pushed them into the dining-room."

Vincent gave her a tap on the cheek.

"Your Aunt Mildred will deal with the Press," he answered, and he took his hat and stick and went out for a walk.

He noticed as he passed a garden that the crocuses were out, and that they looked brighter and fresher and yellower and more sure of themselves than they had any other year. But he did not look at the crocuses for long. He was thinking of a farmhouse with a verandah, and fruit trees in the hot sun.

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FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO BE SURE OF

Happy Endings

(Especially for themselves)

● Although you can't steal a glimpse at future chapters in your life, you can be sure that as the years pass, your responsibilities will increase, your personal and family needs will grow, and you will have to face changes of all kinds. That's the way life goes for nearly everyone—why not for you?

What are you doing, then, to provide the sums of ready money you are almost certain to need? There's only one sure way to go about it—that is by saving. Careful, systematic, uninterrupted saving from your present income will build substantial funds, will enable you to give a happy ending to each succeeding episode as you turn the pages of your future . . . Bring systematic saving into your life story from this week on.

Save

FOR THE FUTURE YOU WANT

SAVE THIS WAY

1. Buy only what you really need. Avoid luxuries. Get full value.
2. Buy for cash always.
3. Settle your debts; then pay your way.
4. Join a National Savings Group.
5. Build up your Savings Bank Account.
6. Make fixed Deposits with your Bank.
7. Invest in Commonwealth Loans.
8. Increase your life assurance.



COWBOY KIT is sometimes worn by Sam Keener. He often rides buckjumpers in rodeos.



MEXICAN SADDLE on hobby-horse is shown to Shah of Persia (right) by Sam Keener.

Keener touch gets results

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Cloud-hopping American cowboy, picturesque personality and business magnate, Sam Keener, says: "Being a millionaire is an awful lot of bother."

"I would never discourage anyone who had the idea of making a few million bucks, though," he says, with a knowing smile. "But it's from work that you get the pleasure."

HIGH-PRESSURE salesman Mr. Keener and his skyliner crew have just spent several weeks in Australia on the last stages of a 50,000-mile round-the-world business flight.

Mr. Keener made the flight in his own luxuriously appointed office—a demonstration showroom Skymaster—to put into effect his latest ambition. He wants a world Sales Engineering Works tie-up so that the sun will never set on the industry of Sam Keener.

This is not altogether a matter of conceit. It is rather to keep faith with the dynamic driving force which has led him on from his early days as a cow hand to millionaire-dom; a deep sense of responsibility to the army of Salem Engineering employees dependent on good sales figures for steady jobs; and a "one world" idea of healthier international economy.

He's tough and he's shrewd and he's most likeable. His ruggedness is tempered with a great deal of common sense.

He's getting a terrific kick out of putting over deals in distant countries, but he is also emphatic that American business men must not look on foreign contracts as a "killing."

In a dollar-hungry world, he said, he preferred to turn his contracts into loaves and fishes parables. For

instance, a contract collected in Iran will be farmed out, and orders for parts given to Belgium, France, and Italy, so that these countries in turn will have dollars to buy sorely needed equipment from the United States, and in turn keep Uncle Sam's assembly-lines running hot.

Mr. Keener said the secret of success in life is setting out to do a job—then never backing up.

"Sell yourself the idea that there is no such thing as defeat, and walk over the obstacles you cannot walk round," he added.

Meeting Sam Keener is like catching up with America's number one success psychologist, Dale Carnegie. You are first impressed by his dignified carriage, guardsmanlike figure, and unaffected manner. He is gentle-voiced and extremely considerate.

This is hard to reconcile with a preconceived idea of a man with a little-boy-like complex for uniforms and gadgets. His dazzling yellow-and-red Skymaster is equipped with everything that opens and shuts, from an electric razor to an electric washing-machine.

To emphasise his individuality still further he dresses as an admiral-cum-high-ranking-air-force-officer in a twilight-blue, gold-braided uniform, or wears a typical dude ranch cowboy outfit.

But after a while you understand there is method in his eccentricity.

His plane is gaudily painted to make it easily sighted in the event of

trouble and a forced landing. His splendid uniform cuts not only through red tape like a razor in dealing with Customs officials and police at home and abroad, but stimulates every sort of courtesy from salutes to saloons.

This is handy for a man in a hurry. His cowboy outfit, reserved for more leisurely moments, wins him friends by the dozen.

"Strangers are friends you've never met before," he explained.

Sam Keener started cow herding as a 10-year-old. His mother, daughter of a Kansas Federal judge, was widowed when his father was gored by a bull when Sam was a baby.

Later, trains aroused his curiosity and he apprenticed himself to the Union Pacific Railway.

When things got tough early in 1900 he worked in a sugar factory, eventually mastering the rudiments of engineering.

To-day, his Salem Engineering Company, named after his Ohio hometown, turns out everything from concrete to fruit-processing plants, steel mills, and frozen food installation units.

Models in plane

SCALE models of his bottom-soaking pit invention, which revolutionises the output of steel and commercial and community refrigeration units, are displayed in the Skymaster.

The domestic refrigeration units are an enchanting proposition to women who find shopping a nightmare in the 40-hour-week age.

Under the Keener scheme householders rent frozen food lockers from the Keener Company for a dollar and a half a month (less than 13/6d Australian), a crew member explained.

Each locker, which has ten separate drawer compartments, holds up to 300lbs. of food.

Customers have access to their lockers any hour of the day or night. To obtain stocks all they have to do is insert their own key in a lock in front of the frozen food unit building.

This sets machinery on the move inside, the door swings open and their own locker, which has moved along on a rotary belt, opens up in front of them in the space of a few minutes.

"We freeze the food and not the customer," said Sam with a proud smile.

"Have you ever owned an aeroplane?" he demanded.

"No," I apologised, feeling very flattered to think I might have given that impression.

"Then how would you like to have one?" he encouraged.

He handed me a two-inch pale grey plastic pocket edition of his giant airliner.



Your hair beauty will seem unbelievable once you've tried Marigny Hair Vitalizer. Because it contains Vitamin F and that amazingly thorough hair penetrant Percolene, Marigny Hair Vitalizer will really work wonders with your hair—that is why it is known as Australia's No. 1 Hair Tonic.

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TRY ALSO: MARIGNY FOAM SHAMPOO, WAVE-SET LOTION, HAIR LACQUER, AND BRILLIANTINE.

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You're self-assured, secure . . . because you know the special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . keep your secret safe. To make the most of Kotex comfort, ask for the new Kotex all-elastic Belt . . . Wonderform, 2/6, or Featherweight, 1/3 . . . adjustable, snug-fitting, non-binding.



WOMEN EVERYWHERE
PREFER KOTEX



FAMILY GROUP. Sam Keener with his wife (right), daughter Pat, and her husband, C. W. Butler (centre), grandchildren Carol and Donny, and their parents, John Keener, jun., and his wife, Dorothy.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 10, 1949

For that 'Pent-up' feeling



have a Life Saver



Protection
against
nappin
rash



'Borofax' applied at every napkin change, prevents chafing and irritation. It is easy to apply... cannot spill... and is economical.

Obtainable from your chemist in tubes of two sizes.

'BOROFAX'
OINTMENT

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT

MRS. PARMINTER

closed her eyes. She drew in her breath with a hiss, remembering a horrid old Turk in a soiled wrapper who once had followed her round Port Said.

"Feeble postcards," he had kept saying. "Interesting novelties."

She had never before known exactly what they were, and here they were! With a shiver of distaste, she slid her hand under the grubby pillow. She patted the blankets, sending up clouds of dust. She pulled open the drawers under the bunk. There was nothing there.

A sound behind her made her turn. Kipper was standing in the doorway, swaying, watching her.

"Well I'll be..." He hiccuped. "You old..." He lurched towards her. Mrs. Parminter tried cunning.

"You don't seem very comfortable down here," she said. "I came to see if I could clean it up a bit for you."

He laughed, he took her by the shoulders, his face close to hers.

"You came to look for my gun. Tell me the truth, now? You meant to double-cross me, didn't you? I never really trusted you from the start."

Desperately she tried another line. "Look, Kipper, I'm an old woman—"

He said, "Then you ought to look like an old woman. You can't have it both ways. You cunning old devil, I've a jolly good mind to chuck you overboard. Coming down here prying when you thought I was out of the way."

Nothing mattered to her now, only Susan. She no longer cared to what length she had to go to remain there with the girl.

She caught his wrist. "Listen," she said. "Don't behave so unreasonably, Kipper. You know I always liked you. I know it sounds silly to you... an old woman like me having such ideas... but all I came in here for was to have a look at your pictures. I've often wondered... well... I knew there were such things, but I never got a chance to actually see them. Women don't, you know."

May Heaven forgive me, she thought, watching him anxiously. A slow smile broke over his face.

"Well, I'm danged," he said. "A woman of your age! I'll be... Wait till I tell you... I can show you lots of others."

She breathed again, forcing herself to smile.

"Not before the girl. Just you and I!"

"That's right," he said slowly. His grip on her shoulder loosened and he let her go. He sat down on the dishevelled bunk and looked up at her, half suspicious, half amused.

"I wish I knew," he said slowly, "if you're speaking the truth. I don't trust you all that much. If I was to find you were playing me for a sucker, now..."

"Why can't you believe me? I've been a good friend to you, haven't I? I gave you a job, money..."

He put his hand down the back of the mattress, between the wall. Mrs. Parminter could have cried. So that was where he kept it. If she had only been more thorough she might have found it. If only she had had more time.

She tried to keep the idea out of her mind, but she was awfully sympathetic he might guess what she was thinking. He sat on the bunk, fingering the revolver thoughtfully, looking her over.

"I don't know that I wouldn't be wiser to bump you off and be done with you. Chuck you over to the fishes," he said slowly.

"Oh, Kipper, you couldn't!" she said, quickly. "You need someone to look after you. Susan can't really cook. Besides, you promised you'd show me those other pictures."

Susan called suddenly. "A boat, coming alongside on the port bow!"

He sprang to his feet.

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 5.

"That'll be the boys. O.K. Buzz off. We'll continue this discussion later. Perhaps you and I might have something to say to each other. I don't know. But remember this. Any hanky panky, any funny business, and I'll fill you so full of lead I won't have to weight you to get you down to Davy's locker."

The boat that was bearing down on them was a large fishing smack, its decks piled with nets and lobster pots. Even before it came alongside, it was possible to make out the figures on the cluttered deck.

There were three of them. Two were picturesque, in bright blue trousers, naked above the waist as they hauled on the ropes. They wore gaudy stocking caps on their heads.

The third was a lean, swarthy young man in a dark turtlenecked sweater. The sun glinted on his black hair. As the boat came nearer, Mrs. Parminter did not fail to notice his beaky, high-bridged nose, his ripe strawberry color against the wholesome tanned brown of his skin.

He and Kipper hailed each other like old friends, with noisy hand-claps and backslappings. From the window of the saloon, sordid now with old tobacco smoke and spilt rum, Mrs. Parminter watched this meeting apprehensively.

"Who are they?" asked Susan.

"His friends, come to get the guns and things," Mrs. Parminter said.

Susan said, with a sudden shiver, "What a horrible man! Oh, Louise, I wish we were out of this."

"Don't worry. We soon shall be," said Mrs. Parminter, wishing she felt it was true.

Then she was thinking, watching the lean, graceful panther of a young man leap lightly from the deck of his own boat on to the yacht. Yes, that is the one we shall have to be careful with. That is the dangerous one.

THE excitement of seeing his friend again seemed to have sobered Kipper. He was in high good spirits. The crew of the fishing boat were busy handling a great glass demijohn of wine in a wicker case, from one boat to the other.

Presently Kipper and the stranger came into the saloon, carrying it between them. The young man's very bright eyes widened with surprise when they lit on Susan... Susan, disastously pretty in her slacks and shirt, her red-gold hair loose about her face.

"My wife," said Kipper, and winked at Mrs. Parminter.

"So, so," said the young man. "You are getting married."

Kipper stood grinning behind him.

"Meet Pedro, my pal. My old college chum," he said. "He comes from Spain. Don't you, Pedro?"

"Sure, I come from Spain," said the newcomer, and Mrs. Parminter knew his name was not Pedro. Nor did he come from Spain.

"You'll want supper," she said, trying to divert their attention from Susan. "And some glasses."

"And the cards. When we've got the stuff over, we'll have a poker game. You play poker, by any chance?" Kipper asked Mrs. Parminter suddenly.

"I do not," she replied tartly.

"Don't you believe her," said Kipper, winking at his friend. "That's an old girl who's had a cut at most things in her day, if you ask me."

The young man wasn't interested. He wasn't looking at her. He was looking at Susan. Mrs. Parminter felt sickness rise in her throat. She knew the look so well. He might have been a hungry man and Susan a slice of cake.

She said to the girl when they were alone again, "Susan, you're ill."

You've got to stay in your cabin. You've got to stay there until these men have cleared off."

"Oh, Louise, you'll be alone. There won't be two of us, if they start anything."

"Never mind. I reckon I could cope with anything they started," said Mrs. Parminter, hoping that she could. "I'm going to tell them you're ill. And don't open the door to anyone but me. Leave your light off, so they can't look in through the porthole either. Here, I'll give you the torch."

She locked the door on the outside and slipped the key under the mattress of her own bed in the outer cabin. Her heart was hammering uncomfortably.

All this is very bad for a woman of my age, thought Mrs. Parminter, and all of a sudden the peaceful life she had always so despised seemed immensely attractive.

She could hear the men's voices as she cooked the supper. She could hear the bump and rattle of the heavy cases of ammunition going over the side.

Thank goodness, she thought, that at least they were going to get rid of that unsavory cargo. But she hated to think where it might be going.

She made curry, very spiced and hot. What a pity, she found herself thinking coldly, I haven't any poison of any kind. Wise women should always carry a spot of poison round with them.

Then, in revulsion, she thought, It's terrible for me to be harboring thoughts like that, when I ought by rights to be taking out an Old Ladies' Life Insurance Policy and preparing for another world.

She carried the food along to the saloon. Its smell, spicy and attractive, filled the air.

The men were working hard against the coming darkness. Already the last of the sun peeped over the horizon. Another moment and it would be gone and the swift twilight would fall over the sea.

She was halfway between the galley and the saloon when she saw Kipper suddenly stop and stiffen. He shouted to the others.

For a moment they stood as if some spell had been cast, turning them to figures of stone. The heavy cases no longer moved over the deck, and in the sudden silence Mrs. Parminter heard a new sound.

It was the distant throb of an aircraft's engines, cruising slowly. Flying low, looking for something.

"Get down to your cabin. Get down," said Kipper.

He caught Mrs. Parminter by the shoulder and spun her round, feeling at the same time for his revolver. She could see the men from the other boat working madly, scattering nets and lobster pots about to give the impression of an ordinary fishing expedition.

"Get down there," said Kipper, very low and quiet, "and if you make any effort to communicate with whoever it is, that's the end of both of you. I'm not going to be taken alive, I can tell you that. No more are you."

He flung her into the cabin and locked the door. She let herself into Susan's cabin quietly. The girl was sitting cross-legged on the floor.

"Louise! What is it?" she said.

"Mrs. Parminter said," there's an aircraft coming. It may be the one I've been hoping for, looking for us. And we can't do a thing. He said that if he found us trying to communicate with whoever it was he'd finish us off, and I've no doubt he would. But if they are looking for us, they'd probably suspect something. They'd recognise the yacht, even with its changed name. And if they board us and search..."

She gulped. "Don't let's hope too much. Can you see it?"

Please turn to page 26

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 10, 1949



The Gift for **MEN OF ALL AGES..**



UP-N-COMER.
Start him off on a Buk and shaving will ever be a joy to him. And how he'll love it when the girls call him "smoothie"!



SUAVE TYPE.
At 40, he's a man of quite some standing — must always be neat, never, never blade-scarred. A Buk Electric Shaver is just the thing for him.



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at leading retailers everywhere

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 24

AN emerald and a ruby suddenly appeared among the early stars. Round and round the plane cruised, in large circles. It was obviously looking for something. Then in the twilight it sighted them and made a beautiful landing five or six hundred yards away with the easy grace of a settling swan.

Mrs. Parminter and Susan watched, sick with anxiety and excitement, a small boat unshipped and white-clad figures jump into it and row towards them. A tall young man, wearing white slacks and an open-necked shirt, stood up and hailed them through a megaphone.

"Ahoy there! We're looking for a flying-boat that's been missing since Friday. Seen anything round here?"

From the deck above came Kipper's voice, "No compreno. Don't understand."

"Flying-boat on passenger run. Lost," the young man persevered. One of the men rowing stood up and tried it in French.

"No compreno. Italiano," Kipper called back to him.

The young man shook his head hopelessly and said something to the rowers. He sat down again in the stern. They seemed about to go, but for a moment they did not move away. They remained looking doubtfully over towards the yacht.

In the gathering twilight Mrs. Parminter could see the young officer's worried, rather baffled, face. She threw herself face downwards on the bunk.

"I can't bear it," she said, in a muffled tone. "And there's not a thing we can do. Is he going?"

"Not just yet," said Susan at the porthole.

"Tell me when he goes. I can't bear to look."

Presently she heard the girl draw a deep, sobbing breath. Immediately the seaplane's engines started up again.

"Oh, Louise, they've gone," Susan said. The emerald and the ruby appeared again among the stars, going, going, gone.

Susan put her arm round Mrs.

Parminter. She put her soft cheek against her grandmother's curls.

"Louise, don't cry, please," she said unsteadily. "I can't bear you to cry. You never do. I want you to be sure it will be all right, the way you always are. After all, while there's life there's hope."

"I thought they were looking for us. I hoped they'd search us. There was something we could have done. Surely there was something? Why haven't they looked for us, Susan? That's what I can't understand. I would have thought that, long before now..."

"Perhaps they will soon," said the girl. In the dying daylight her hand clasped Mrs. Parminter's, confident, warm, and strong. She is the brave one now, thought Mrs. Parminter, comforting me.

Kipper was shouting outside their door: "Come out. Come on out!"

He peered at Mrs. Parminter as she emerged alone. "Where's the girl? We want the kid along."

"She's not well. Leave her alone, Kipper."

He went off muttering angrily. She brewed coffee for them. She cleared up the horrid clutter of their meal in the saloon. She brought out the cards. The smoke was so thick that it was difficult to see across the saloon.

The hideous night started. The moon rose, white and wonderful, over the quiet sea. Mrs. Parminter made no attempt to go to bed. She collected all the heaviest implements she could, including a marlin spike, and placed them handy behind the door of her cabin.

If the worst came to the worst, they would barricade themselves in and make a fight for it. Better to be killed that way—she followed the line of thought no further.

From the saloon there came alternately the sounds of singing and of quarrelling. Twice she tiptoed along the deck. Once in a spell of sudden quiet she found them fast asleep, their arms on the table, their heads on their arms.

Later, the noise started again, in-

terspersed with loud, raucous laughter. The quarrelling appeared to be over. They seemed the best of friends again.

She must have dozed a little. The next thing she knew, Kipper was hammering on the door.

"What is it?" she asked. She picked up the marlin spike and stood with it in her hand. "What do you want?"

If Kipper broke the door down, Mrs. Parminter had already decided what she intended to do. However, he made no move. She heard his voice, thick and unsteady.

"That kid! She'd best pull herself together and be all right by morning, tell her. I lost her in a poker game to Pedro. She'll go with him at daylight, ill or well. He seems to have taken a bit of a fancy to her. Are you listening?"

"I'm listening," she said.

"They're too drunk to handle her just now. They're lying alongside to-night, sleeping it off. You'll stay here with me. One woman aboard is more than enough."

HE went off unsteadily. She heard him whistling "Pedro the Fisherman," interspersed with hiccups.

No, no, she said to herself a dozen times, pacing the narrow floor of her cabin, through that dreadful night. There must be some way of getting out of this. But what?

She played with a wild idea of the two of them slipping out of the porthole and swimming for it. The long, low line of the coast of Spain lay to starboard, not more than a mile and a half away. But Mrs. Parminter had never in her life swum a hundred yards.

From the porthole she could see the black bulk of the fishing smack lying alongside. There was nothing to be gained by slipping aboard her and trying to make off. The yacht had a motor engine. It would soon overtake them.

And now, across the water, the first soft primrose shades of early dawn began to streak the sky, bringing a misty summer morning. White patches of fog hung over a still sea on which seagulls rocked gently.

Mrs. Parminter went into the inner cabin. She stood for a moment looking down on the sleeping girl before she woke her. She herself was now feeling really ill. She had not slept all night and her knees felt suddenly unreliable when she needed them most.

Outside on the deck she heard the men rousing themselves, with horrid groans, with the hiccups and oaths born of their hangover. She heard them calling to one another and the splash of water as they swilled themselves down.

Presently Kipper's voice came, still thick with sleep: "Leave them to me. I'll rouse 'em up."

He hammered at the door, just as the explosion shattered the morning stillness. It seemed at the time to have something to do with Kipper's hammering. For a moment Mrs. Parminter thought he was trying to shoot the lock out of their door.

Roused from sleep, Susan sat up, but she did not look scared. She was laughing. She pushed her hair back from her forehead and jumped out of bed and another shattering explosion set the crockery dancing.

Mrs. Parminter sat down. "I can't stand any more," she said. "I'm going to be sick."

"Louise, don't! Come on! Don't you understand? They've come. They're firing warning shots across our bows, telling us to stand to."

"Who have come?"

Susan was struggling into her dungarees. "I didn't tell you yesterday, in case it didn't come off. I didn't want to raise your hopes if my plan was a dud. When the man from the seaplane was outside there, I had the torch. I sent a message in Morse with it. 'S.O.S. Gun running. Two prisoners aboard.' Oh, darling, he got it, he got it. That comes of my being a Sea Ranger."



"I'm in a play. Here's my part."

Mrs. Parminter found nothing to say. She picked up the marlin spike and followed the girl on deck.

The men were madly casting the fishing boat off, in an effort to get clear. At last, Mrs. Parminter heard the splutter of the yacht's engine as Kipper struggled to get it started.

Through the thinning mist the bulk of an aircraft-carrier loomed dimly. Fog still lay in thick patches on the water. If Kipper got the yacht started, they might still get away into the fog and so be lost.

Then, as the engine began to tick over smoothly, the idea came to Mrs. Parminter. Kipper was working madly at the engine, the sweat pouring down his face. Mrs. Parminter came down the deck behind him.

"Oh no, you don't," she said, and hit him on the head with the marlin spike, knocking him out. Then she fainted.

Please turn to page 27

DO YOU KNOW?

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EVERY ONE OF KING SOLOMON'S SIX HUNDRED WIVES HAD TO POSSESS PERFECT TEETH. ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS WILL KEEP YOUR TEETH GLEAMING WITH LOVELINESS... YOUR BREATH FRESH AND SWEET

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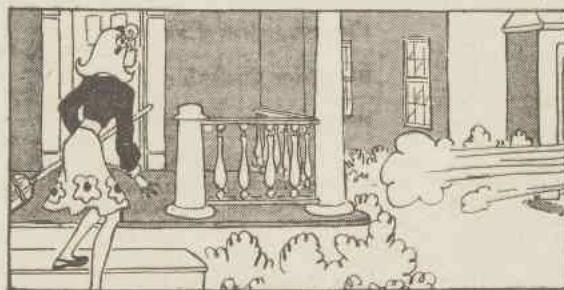
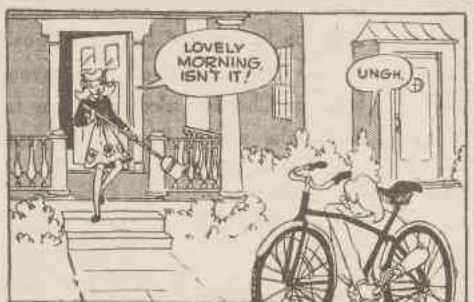
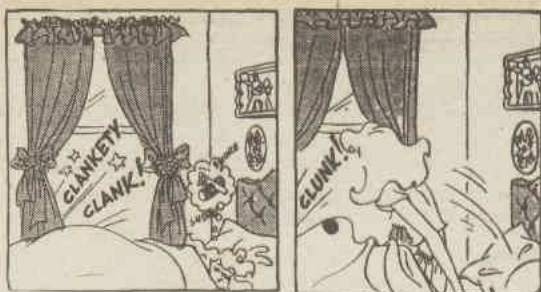
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KOLYNOS CLEANS BETTER... TASTES BETTER... LASTS LONGER

TEENA



By
HILDA TERRY
**Dream
boy**



Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 26

WHEN Mrs. Parminter opened her eyes again, the young man who had hailed them the previous night was standing over her, regarding her prone form, in complete bewilderment. Whatever he had expected to find it was certainly not this.

Susan's voice said, "That's my grandmother. She kidnapped me from school—and then the man she had taken on as crew kidnapped us both—and then . . ."

The next thing Mrs. Parminter saw was a row of grinning British sailors holding irons and obviously tickled to death. She closed her eyes to try to blot the painful picture out.

When she opened them again, the young man and Susan were seated on one of the hatches. It was obvious they were getting on well together.

Mrs. Parminter sat up and tried to rearrange her hair.

"Darling, how are you feeling now?" asked Susan anxiously.

She looked as fresh as a flower and a picture of youth, thought Mrs. Parminter. Already she seemed to have thrown off every sign of their horrid ordeal. "A launch is coming to take us over to the aircraft carrier," she said. "Lieutenant Alistair has arranged it all. This is Lieutenant Alistair."

"How do you do," said Mrs. Parminter, feeling inadequate.

Lieutenant Alistair cleared his

throat. "I'm afraid you've had a bad time. It's a mercy we happened to be around and got your signal. My orders are to bring you aboard. Naturally there will have to be some inquiries. One or two little matters to clear up . . ."

He coughed tactfully. He had come expecting a gang of smugglers and found a pretty girl and a grandmother. He felt the situation to be slightly beyond him.

"Put them in irons if they seem violent," were the last instructions he had had as he left the carrier. Lieutenant Alistair remembered that and laughed. He would create quite a sensation if he returned with a pretty girl and her grandmother in chains. The girl was one of the prettiest he had ever seen, and she certainly was game.

Still, until the inquiry was over, it was best to be cautious and go slow. There were various fishy circumstances about the whole business.

As the launch came alongside to take them off, Mrs. Parminter saw the figure of Kipper Tonks still stretched unconscious by the engine-room door. She gave a sob and clutched the lieutenant's arm.

"Have I killed him?"

"I don't expect so," he comforted her.

The aircraft-carrier was lined with curious faces peering down at them as the launch drew alongside. Mrs. Parminter could feel, as well as see, the glasses levelled at them from the bridge. I shall never live this down, she thought. This is the end. What I must look like!

Then she looked at Susan. Susan stood, her legs apart nautically, her bright eyes glowing with quiet anticipation as she watched the great aircraft-carrier looming nearer and nearer. Bringing to her any number of clean, handsome, upstanding young men, and perhaps among them—her soul mate! Oh, lovely youth, thought Mrs. Parminter . . .

Captain Malaise, of the aircraft-carrier *Glorious*, was a young man. He had some difficulty in controlling his features when he said, "Bring the prisoners in." They had had a good laugh the previous night about Alistair's prisoners. Cells had been got ready for them. Jokes had been bandied about, and he couldn't help recalling them as the unlikely couple advanced.

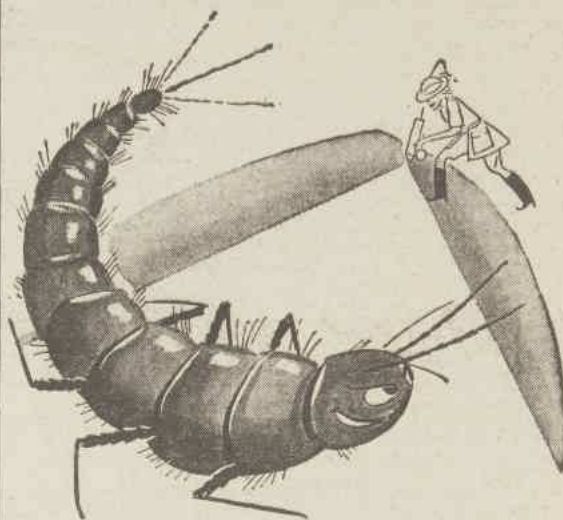
The admiral they were taking back to England stood by the port-hole, slowly swinging his eyeglass on a broad black ribbon. He drew his breath with a small shocked hiss that made the Captain turn.

"Did you say something, sir?"

"No," said the Admiral stoutly.

Please turn to page 29

Household Hunts (No.2)



How to land your SILVERFISH

Not regarded by sportsmen as a great fighting fish. A cowardly and cunning quarry.

Natural habitat anywhere between floor skirting and picture rail. Feeds mainly on good books, fine linen, art silk and an occasional family portrait.

To eradicate silverfish, thoroughly spray walls, skirting boards, books, pictures, cupboards and other hiding places with Super Shelltox. Once laid it stays. Its D.D.T. content, which remains deadly for months, kills silverfish

during their nocturnal prowling. Similarly it kills flies, moths, cockroaches, mosquitoes and all other household pests.



Super SHELLTOX

with
D.D.T.
and **PYRETHRUM**

THE SHELL CO. OF AUST. LTD.
(INC. IN Gt. BRIT.)

For instant killing of all insect pests, use 'Standard' SHELLTOX. The foremost "space spray" for an immediate "knock down and kill" but it is not used for spraying on surfaces.

make it a

Coty Christmas



Enjoy the thrill of choosing gifts of exquisite beauty and recognised quality. At the Coty Section of your favourite Store or Chemist, select creations from an infinite variety bearing the famous signature—COTY.

Suggestions from the Coty range—

PERFUMES—

L'ORIGAN, PARIS, CHYPRE, EMERAUDE: 7/6 to 84/-

L'AIMANT, perfume of magnetism: 7/6, 17/-, 37/6, 84/-

MUSE (New Creation), de luxe pack: 84/- and 17/7/-

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SKIN FRAGRANCE—in Paris, Chypre, l'Origan, l'Aimant and Muguet perfumes. Handbag size, 5/6; dressing table size, 12/6; double size, 21/-

COLOGNES—

"Four Seasons" Cologne: 5/6, 10/6, 21/-, 40/-

Eau de Lavender and Eau de Coty: 5/6, 12/6, 22/6, 42/-

SKIN CARE—

Cleansing Milk, Cleansing Cream and Hand Lotion, each 6/6
Conditioning Cream 7/6

MAKE-UP—

"AirSpun" Face Powder—in five great Coty perfumes: Paris, l'Origan, l'Aimant, Chypre, Muguet; and in eight shades 5/-

"Vanity" powder-compact (for loose powder) 63/-

Coty Pressed Powder: 15/6 (refills, 5/9)

Lipstick—nine shades to choose—7/6

TOILET PREPARATIONS—

For him—Coty Shaving Stick: 5/6 (refills, 3/-)

Coty Talc	5/-	in the five Coty perfumes
Bath Powder (with puff) ..	10/6	
Bath Oil	19/6	
Toilet Soap (box of 3 tablets)	12/-	
Bath Soap, per tablet	5/3	

More than a Gift... a Compliment !

THE unlikely story unfolded without further interruption. Mrs. Parminter, given a seat, sat with her hands clasped, her eyes downcast. But Susan answered all questions put to her in a clear voice, her head held high. Susan, Mrs. Parminter realised, was enjoying herself.

Captain Malaise turned presently to the Admiral. The corners of his mouth were not quite steady.

"I think this seems to explain matters, sir. What do you say?"

"Take the girl away," said the Admiral dryly. "I would like a word with the elder woman."

When the others had gone, the Admiral drew up the chair that the Captain had vacated and sat down.

"Well, Louise. You are still at it?"

She said unsteadily, "Please don't bully me, Neil. If you knew all I've been through, you'd be sorry for me."

"I ceased feeling sorry for you years ago. Tearing about the world, in pants, at your age. It was bad enough when you only ran your own head into the noose. But now you have to hazard also this nice child..."

"I know," she said, very low. "I've learned my lesson. You don't know the half of it. They—they played poker for her. She was to have been taken away this morning on the fishing boat."

"I'm. Pretty," said the Admiral, shortly. How little he had changed, she thought, noting his shock of good thick white hair, his humorous eyes, his general air of reliability.

Time had thickened him a little, but she could still see the young lieutenant her parents had wanted her to marry long ago, whom she had refused to marry simply because she never did what anyone wanted her to. Instead, she had chosen Harry. So charming. It wasn't until too late that she discovered his charm came out of a bottle.

"And where," asked the Admiral courteously, "if it is not too impertinent a question, did you meet that delightful scoundrel who so nearly finished you off? Who, I am sure, looked a perfect gentleman."

"In—in the train coming down to Portsmouth. He told me such a tragic story. He said he had lost his wife and all his papers in an accident, and that he was very lonely."

"You never learn, do you?" said the Admiral. "Let me remind you of one Miss Pussy Willow, picked up, I believe, in a tearoom. Then there was that handsome young man with lambent golden eyes..."

"Don't," said Mrs. Parminter hoarsely. "Don't remind me."

"And the kind blackmailer you took on as a butler. You met him, I think, on top of a bus. Then there was—but why continue? You never learn, do you, Louise?"

"I've learned now," Mrs. Parminter half choked. "I'm going straight back to buy a black hat and a knitting outfit. I shall live for the rest of my days in a nice private hotel. I shall take out an Old Ladies' Life Insurance Policy and repent me of my sins."

She fumbled for a handkerchief, for tears were running down her face. But she hadn't one. The Admiral presented her courteously with his own fine linen one, complete with monogram.

"I wonder," he said, disagreeably. He opened the door for her and let her go.

How sad is the time when one must say farewell. Standing on the wide deck of the aircraft carrier, still wearing dungarees because she hadn't anything else, Mrs. Parminter regarded the sun setting in all its glory. Oh, lovely world!

This, she told herself, must be for her the end of all adventuring, though how she was going to pass the rest of her days (and something told her there would be quite a number of them) she could not imagine.

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 27

The sun went down, the moon came up over the summer sea. And presently from where she stood, Mrs. Parminter was aware of two figures in silhouette against the darkening sky. Susan and Lieutenant Alister. It had been more and more obvious as the days went by that he was deeply attracted.

Susan, of course, is very young, thought Mrs. Parminter. But that's something time soon cures, and perhaps after all I haven't done her any harm, making her miss Matric. Perhaps she's found something that's far more use to a girl in the long run. To be anchored safe in a home with a string of children—that is the best thing of all.

Perhaps if I had had five or six instead of just one, I would have settled down. I couldn't have trailed them all over the Continent in a canoe.

And even as she looked, the two figures merged into one in the twilight for a moment. An odd sense of peace and fulfilment came to Mrs. Parminter standing there alone. Almost she could have found it in her heart to say, "Lord, now lettest

Mystery serial by famous author

GATHA CHRISTIE'S countless admirers will find keen stimulation and enjoyment in her "Crooked House," our new serial to begin next week.

Rated as one of to-day's foremost mystery writers, this forceful author in "Crooked House" gives us a murder story with a different approach.

Notable especially for its diverse characterisation, it depicts a household dominated by its founder's vital personality, which persists with them even after his death.

Watch for the dramatic opening instalment in next week's issue.

Serials to follow "Crooked House" are by other famous authors, including R. A. Dick, author of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," Vicki Baum, Gertrude Meyer, Robert Carson, and Margot Neville.

"Thou Thy servant depart in peace," but not quite.

To-morrow they would dock at Spithead. Since that short and not too sunny interview with the Admiral she had not seen him again. Humbled, she was not surprised.

I have been a silly old woman, clinging to youth long after it has gone, she told herself. A figure of ridicule. I deserve of Fate much worse than Fate has sent me—for it looks as if Susan has found happiness here, and Dilys and Andrew will have me to thank for that, anyway, and perhaps they will. For grand-children bouncing in prams.

She turned and went down alone to the cabin that had been set aside for them, singing to herself softly, "Now is the hour when we must say goodbye."

I wonder, she thought sadly, if Neil will appear to have a word with us before we leave. I would like to see him once again, to tell him that I really am going to settle down this time—draw my chair to the fire and turn my back to the sea. Heigh-ho.

Susan came down late that night, starry-eyed. She knelt down beside Mrs. Parminter and hid her face on her grandmother's shoulder. "I've something to tell you, Louise! I don't know what you'll say."

Mrs. Parminter said guilelessly, "Now what could it be?"

"It's Mark. Lieutenant Alister. Oh, Louise, I know everyone will say I am much too young and all

the rest of it. But it happened the very minute we saw each other—to both of us. And that must mean something. And I'm absolutely relying on you to take our side."

"I don't know that I shall be a very useful ally for a bit," said Mrs. Parminter doubtfully. "I have a good bit to live down. But I'll do what I can for you, dear."

"He has a car coming to the landing stage to-morrow. He wants to drive me home and see Mum and Dad. If only you'll agree."

"Agree?" cried Mrs. Parminter, delighted. She had dreaded that return more than she liked to own.

"But what a splendid idea. He can explain everything so much better than I could."

"Oh, Louise! I'm so happy. It looked pretty grim for a bit, didn't it, but looking back on it, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

An epitaph on life, thought Mrs. Parminter.

Susan asked anxiously, "What will you do, Louise?"

Mrs. Parminter said, "Creep silently away. What else can I do, in these trousers?"

The long, dingy train was already being assaulted by ratings with duffle bags when Mrs. Parminter, wearing Susan's camel-hair coat to hide as much of her dungarees as possible, slipped into an empty carriage.

She had indeed crept away quietly, without a word to anyone, her humiliation complete. She could not even find her lipstick...

Thank goodness, she thought, I have some clothes at the club in town. I shall bath and change, and then go straight out and buy myself a good black hat.

The carriage door opened. The Admiral let himself in ponderously, bowed to her in a ceremonious fashion as to a complete stranger and humped his dispatch case on to the rack. Then he seated himself opposite to her, and opened a newspaper.

The train started. It rattled them out of the dingy dock-yard and past the town. In the fields, corn stood told of a good harvest. Tears, idle tears, thought Mrs. Parminter, I know not what they mean. And sure enough, there they were. She blinked them away.

The Admiral suddenly folded up his paper, and leaned forward.

"I am a very poor man," he said. "I never had a wife or I am sure I would have lost her in an accident. Or down a well. I have no one to cook for me, shop for me, mend my socks, or keep men with suitcases from selling me undesirable ties at the door. Could I possibly interest you in my sad case?"

Mrs. Parminter blinked her tears away. She said in a muffled tone, "Don't, please don't."

"I don't ask you to educate me," said the Admiral, "it is much too late. Nor do I ask you to clothe me. I still have a suit left, which I share with a few modists. But do you think I could interest you in a lavender hedge, and a cottage that stands in a small garden?"

"Oh, Neil, Neil... What a fool I've been," said Mrs. Parminter, now openly weeping. "But you can't mean it. I'm an old woman."

"Your trouble," said the Admiral, "is that you will never be an old woman. But from now on you will kindly do your best to look like one and behave like one. And when we want to engage a handymen, butler, or boat's crew, I will do it myself."

He leaned back in his place, after patting her knee kindly, and opened his paper again.

"To-morrow, I believe, is your birthday!"

"Oh, Neil! You've remembered, after all these years."

"What would you like for a present?" he asked her.

Mrs. Parminter said without hesitation: "A black handbag."

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She's smart Smart in appearance, the modern young woman also streamlines her financial affairs. She handles them in an up-to-date, sensible and easy way, enjoying the convenience and prestige of "banking at the 'Wales'". A personal cheque account at the "Wales" helps her to keep a check on her income and expenditure, makes saving easier and puts her in touch with a knowledgeable Bank Manager to whom she turns for advice on financial problems. You too should consult and use—

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Susan Shaw



J. Arthur Rank Film Star* always wears Grafton Handkerchiefs for smartness

The same Grafton Handkerchiefs as Susan Shaw wears are on sale at all leading stores throughout Australia.

*Soon to be seen in "Quartette"

Grafton
Handkerchiefs

for men and women

They boil and boil and boil.

Wishing on a star...

is better than crying for the moon! Don't think of elegance as something you can't

afford... it's a measure of quality not of income.

But it means taking

pains—insisting on perfection in every smallest detail.

An elegant woman will take infinite trouble when choosing a dress fabric.

★ She is not satisfied if it is just labelled 'crease-resisting.' Here, as in every other detail, quality is all-important, so she will insist on a fabric marked 'Tebilizized.' No fabric is uncrushable, but all fabrics marked **TEBILIZED** resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.

EVERY FABRIC MARKED

TEBILIZED

HAS TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

"Zip-tease" hats smart and practical

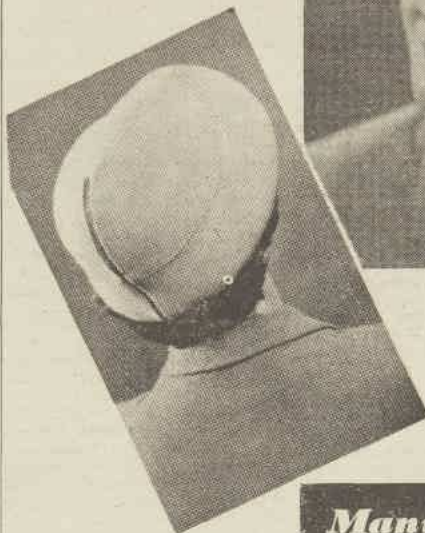
AMERICAN hat designer John Frederics, jun., has devised a way to have hats of many colors at a minimum cost. He calls them "zip-tease" hats and they consist of a cover which zips on neatly over a sparterie shape. Sydney hat designer John Pickworth, who trained under the C.R.T.S. after he came out of the Army, interpreted Frederics' idea for us and made the sparterie shape and two covers shown here.



FRONT VIEW of a "zip-tease" hat shows it as a neat, flattering shape, suitable for any occasion. The cover is of dog-tooth-check fine wool.

⊙

BACK VIEW shows zipper which fastens the cover on neatly. This cover is a pastel fine wool and is worn over the same shape shown above.



Many covers for one shape

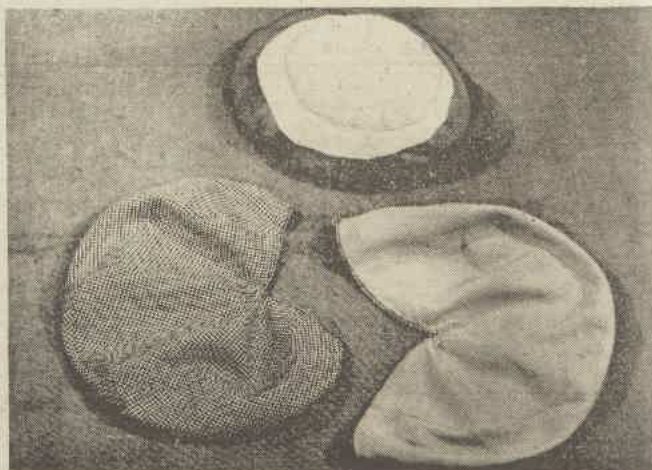


BRIM is made by stretching material on cross-over sparterie shape. Cover is made of a circle, darted for zipper; bias strip for brim.

SHAPE is made by pulling the damp sparterie over a block until the crown fits well. Special advantage of "zip-tease" hats is their saving of space when travelling.

⊙

COVERS are stitched on to a grosgrain band to grip the head and stop the bias-cut material from stretching. Hooks and eyes at top and each side hold cover firmly inside sparterie shape.





"Is YOUR name Hazel?"



"All right, but if we're caught I'm makin' like I don't know ya."

It seems to me...

If there is a swing from Labor on Saturday I'm looking forward to a little variety in the conversation. A different batch of my friends will be growling about the Government.

WHEN I see groups of schoolgirls at such performances as the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre's current season, I think how lucky they are to be growing up at a time when we're seeing first-class theatre in Australia.

For many years we've had few and mostly indifferent stage shows, so that, until the past couple of years, a generation grew up without knowing how exciting anything from Shakespeare to musical comedy could be when it was presented by a top-notch company.

A few years ago anyone who'd predicted five live theatres running in Sydney at the same time would have been accused of being a pre-talkie type who lived hopelessly in the past.

The main thing that will continue to keep the legitimate stage as an entertainment with less appeal than films is the price of seats.

A young man on an average salary who likes to take his girl out on Saturday nights finds that two front stalls, plus taxis and supper, makes a fearful hole in the pay envelope.

The best seats at the pictures cost half the price, and you can hear and see better from cheap picture seats than from cheap seats at a live show.

WHENEVER a Shakespeare season is on you hear a good deal of nonsense talked by people who say they would have probably enjoyed Shakespearian drama if they had not "had it rammed down their throats at school."

If they feel that way either their teacher had no natural taste for English drama or, more likely, they themselves had no natural taste for it, preferring football or fancywork.

To think that, had Shakespeare been omitted from the curriculum, they would automatically have turned to reading him in leisure is usually incorrect.

Some of us, for instance, don't really like sewing or embroidery, doing only what is absolutely necessary. But it's hard to blame the teacher who first tried to ram buttonhole-making down our obstinate little throats. Those who "were good with their hands" mostly enjoyed the lessons.

Those who tended to enjoy bookish pursuits found that not even a thousand inept readings of speeches, a hundred tiresome questions on "Compare the character of..." could tarnish the eventual pleasure to be gained from the poetry, drama, and comedy of the greatest English playwright.

ADDRESSING a conference of accountants held in Sydney recently one of them said: "One of the evils of high taxation is that it tends to stretch commercial morality to the limit."

That's about the gentlest way of saying, "Tempt businessmen to be dishonest," that I ever heard.



Dorothy Drain

WITH the shopping crowds working up to their final frenzy I offer a suggestion to the traffic authorities next time they're looking for a new place to paint white lines.

Why not divide the footpaths into lanes for slow walkers and fast walkers?

You could, too, ease up the counter crowds by dividing the counters into zones for snap-decision shoppers and ponderers.

About the coolest example of the unhurried temperament I ever saw was a woman in front of me in a booking-office queue for country trains. We had taken an hour to reach the counter, and the clerk asked her, "What day, Madam?" "Well, let me see," said the traveller placidly, "Either Tuesday or Friday, I think..."

All in all, it is a good thing that one is not allowed to carry firearms.

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned that an interest in gardening was being forced upon me, owing to moving in what you might call a "gardening set."

Since then I've taken to reading the gardening notes, can sometimes join quite intelligently in discussions about compost and fertiliser, and am about to replace the mouldy old cacti that languish in four pots on the window-sill with some of the new season's cuttings.

Naturally, with this widening of my horizon, I am interested in the news that revolving flower beds are to be installed in Battersea Park, in London, for the British Festival in 1951.

What a lot of trouble they'd save when visiting. No need to take a look round the garden to please the hostess. She could just spin the garden round to you.

TO the dean of a women's college in America, who says that she is sick of hearing complaints that universities don't teach girls practical subjects like cooking. I say, "Hear, Hear."

The dean, who has five children herself, says girls should learn to cook at home, save their university time for things mother can't teach them.

I think she's right. Of course, if a girl wants to take up cooking as a career, to learn to cook for very large numbers, or to do specialised forms of it, that's another matter, and she needs special training.

But the ordinary household arts can be learned at home, and improved by practice. In our grandmothers' day when there was domestic help it may have been true that many brides had never peeled a potato, but such girls are scarce nowadays. They would have to be exceptionally rich or exceptionally lazy never to have learned to cook a meal by the time they reach marriageable age.

SOME want but little out of life, and others, sad to say, Eternally desire things that never come their way. For some, ambition's satisfied, but others always fret. Like me, who at this time of year am saddened by regret. Each Christmastime the thing I wish, that haunts my fevered mind.

Is that I were the kind of dame who just for once could find

The old year's list of cards I had, so that at last I'd match

The ones that come along to me with those that I despatch.



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When hot weather makes you weary, soak the tiredness out of your muscles in a Radox bath before you go to bed. Next morning you'll wake up feeling fresher and more energetic. That's because Radox gives ordinary tap water the medicinal value of famous mineral spring spas!



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Radox gives wonderful relief to tired, aching feet. As the oxygen-charged water frees the pores of perspiration acids, your feet feel 'like new' again.

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Actually 83 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen.

Parker "51," most beautiful pen ever made, surpasses all others in technical precision. Words flow spontaneously from the unique tubular nib which is tipped with a wear-resistant alloy. The patented ink trap maintains an even flow—correctly filled Parker "51" never leaks or blobs. All vital parts including the patented self-filler are hidden safely inside the streamlined barrel.

Available with Rolled Gold Cap, price 130/-... Lustraloy Cap, price 90/-... in Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue or Cordovan Brown.

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"LABOR stands for the people. LABOR stands firmly against all who would take advantage of the people. LABOR stands on its achievements, not on irresponsible promises . . ."

WORTH Reporting

THERE will be more reading in future for outback women in Victoria, whose Country Women's Association is despatching a second travelling library to country districts.

The first travelling library boxes started by the C.W.A. two years ago are keeping outback women up-to-date with their reading.

So popular are the boxes that a second library is being made up now from books sent in by members and friends of the Association.

The first library, consisting of 250 books in 12 boxes, has already travelled hundreds of miles throughout the State, pausing at C.W.A. depots to be read by women of the district.

Organiser Mrs. W. W. Pye, who is vice-president of the C.W.A., says that the mobile library began in a picturesque way. The first books were sent by members of Women's Institutes in England, in appreciation of the many food parcels sent by branches to their links in England.

"Only those people who live in scattered country areas realise the joy a new book brings," says Mrs. Pye, speaking from her own experience as wife of a country school teacher who has lived in districts ranging from the Upper Murray to Gippsland.

The C.W.A. travelling libraries have high, low, and middle-brow appeal, so "if you can spare a book from your shelves, do let us have it for outbackers" she appeals.

Zionist woman leader on W.I.Z.O. work

VISITING Australia on behalf of the Women's International Zionist Organisation is Mrs. Malcah Weinberg-Schalit, whose parents left Russia in 1882 to help rebuild the old Jewish cities of Palestine. She attended its first Hebrew school.

The "Schalit" was added to the name Weinberg recently, when many Israelis decided to adopt a Biblical surname. Mrs. Weinberg-Schalit's husband is a lawyer and author, her daughter Hannah is first announcer for the newly inaugurated Hebrew hour on the B.B.C.

Founded 30 years ago, W.I.Z.O. plays an important part in the absorption and readjustment of women and children migrants to Israel. "It looks after nearly 20,000 infants and children in its 196 institutions in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, and villages and camps throughout the country," Mrs. Weinberg-Schalit said.

"It's youth-training institutions have turned out 7875 graduates and have a present enrolment of 1364 pupils. For women, W.I.Z.O. has hostels, advisory offices, training workshops, clothing and mending centres, restaurants, welfare advisers, and arts and crafts shops."

Jewish women are taking a major part in the new State of Israel's development. "Our Parliament includes 11 women members, and there is not a liberal profession in which our women are not well represented," said Mrs. Weinberg-Schalit.



"Miss, your boy-friend told me to tell you he's got two together now."

TYPICAL Australian initiative was shown by young Bill Walker, of Killara, Sydney, who is visiting English potteries on behalf of his firm and was presented to Princess Elizabeth during a factory inspection. "The Canadian agent and myself pointed out in front of the governing director that our respective countries could do with ten times the amount of china we were at present getting," he writes.

Went to sea and saw the world

BECAUSE he is determined to be a writer, Arnold Carlson, of Caulfield, Victoria, set out when he was 18 to "see the world and its people."

Now 21, he is back home with a luxuriant beard and enough information about his travels to fill more than one book.

Arnold set off from Melbourne as mess-boy on a Swedish ship, graduated to the deck and saw a fair bit of the world before deserting in America to find an uncle from whom his family had not heard for 20 years.

"I found my uncle in the Shannshendore Valley, in Virginia. He is sheriff of a little town there, and he bundled me back to New York pretty quickly because he would have lost his citizenship had he been found harboring me."

The U.S. immigration authorities let Arnold off with a caution, and he joined the crew of a Norwegian ship which landed him in England.

After spending some time in Wales he joined another Norwegian ship for Poland, where, in the port of Stettin, which is partly under Russian control, he saw German prisoners of war doing "useless sort of pick-and-shovel work fourteen hours a day."

After visiting Finland on the same ship, Arnold transferred to a Swedish ship and signed off in Sweden. He wrote 10 stories on Australian life and other articles for a Swedish newspaper.

While at sea he did a correspondence course in journalism.

Hilarious book is founded on diary

AS a humorous study of wolf-repulsing technique, the chapter, "The Wolves Among Them," in "I Loved Those Yanks," recommends itself as something no woman under 30—and maybe 60—should miss.

The book tells the story of an attractive Australian girl who worked as a stenographer for the American forces during the "Battle of Brisbane."

During the war its author, Maureen C. Meadows, did the same thing, and kept a day-to-day diary.

The following observations might be specially helpful to those who work in offices.

In the presence of a determined wolf she says there's no such thing as being "safely" entrenched behind a typewriter.

A definite place of concealment, such as that offered by the dusty space behind a filing cabinet or the colwets at the back of the stationery press, is far preferable. A prolonged visit to the wash-room is better still.

The author gives a special warning about wolves who are interested in photography. Posing for pictures is apt to leave the subject isolated and liable to be approached. A woman may be as old as she looks, Miss Meadows observes acidly, but a man isn't old till he stops looking.

The best brush-off for a persistent wolf, as she proves at the end of the highly diverting chapter, is an outburst of hearty and prolonged laughter. The gay narrator was saved from a fate more horrible than death by giving way to helpless mirth when a dashing naval wolf fell from his ship into the Brisbane River.

RESIDENTS of a Devon village have asked for a shelter to be built at the local bus stop "in memory of those who died from chills caught while waiting for buses."

He breeds fish for dollars—and for dinner

SYDNEY fish breeder Stephen Kellner has a glass tank full of yabbies in his office.

Yabbies, like small crayfish, are bred until they are a nice size, when Mr. Kellner takes them home and makes a meal of them. He then puts a fresh lot into the tank.

An importer and exporter of fish, Mr. Kellner earns dollars by selling fish to dealers in the United States.

"They're all fresh-water fish," he told us. "There are Mud Skippers, which suffocate in water and which jump along from rock to rock, and Blue Eyes, which I catch at Narrabeen. They have a deep blue iris to their eyes. Then I send away Rainbows and Archer fish. Archer fish, only three or four inches long, are silver with black bands. They spit on insects and kill them that way."

Ships from Ceylon, Singapore, America, and Hongkong bring fish to Mr. Kellner. He also imports seeds of river plants and ferns, and exports seeds from river reeds which he picks up at the Nepean River. His proudest achievement is in breeding three Rasbora Maculata fish.

"They're very difficult to breed," he explained. "Two have been bred in Germany, two in England, and one in America, so I feel I've had great success with them."

A MELBOURNE friend of ours who has a New Australian domestic asked her how she was getting on with the language. "I can understand English," came the answer. "But Australian eel is so hard."

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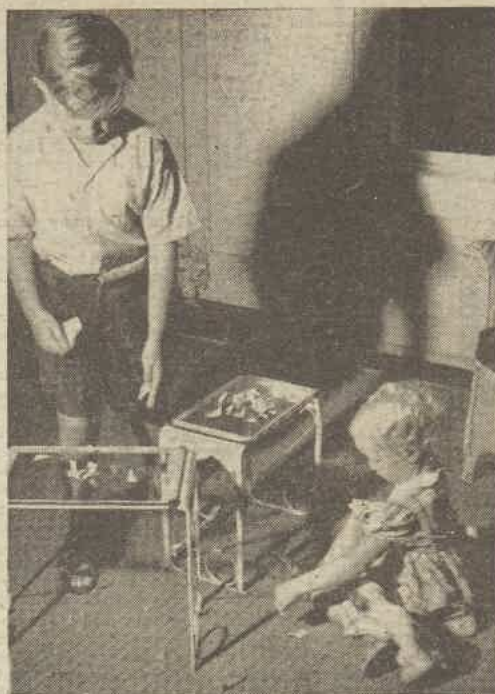
FROM CHEMISTS ONLY



"There you are, officer—thirty-eight inches from the tip of his nose to the fork of his tail."



"ROBERT, OUR FATHER":



PREPARATIONS for birthday-party scene include much tearing up of paper to be strewn around to give an impression of after-the-party mess. Sheridan has a lively imagination and a producer's eye for detail.

Actor's children in own version of famous play

Robert Morley, who is touring Australia with his company in the play "Edward, My Son," joined proudly in an audience of family and friends when his talented youngsters, Sheridan, aged 7, and three-year-old Annabel, enacted their favorite play, "Robert, Our Father."

PRIVILEGED to intrude during one of these performances, staff photographer Ron Berg spent an amusing half-hour while the two mites rendered their version of their famous father's current success.

A large square notice tacked on the front door of the Morley residence reads, "Morley Productions Ltd.—Producer Sheridan Morley, Manager M. Gottlieb, supporting actress Annabel Morley."

Blue-eyed, fair-haired Annabel announced, "We're going to put on a show," while Sheridan adjusted the brocade floor-length curtains across the drawing-room entrance and arranged seats for the audience.

Father Robert caused a delay in the curtain going up by insisting on washing the dishes before taking his seat in the audience. During this slight lull in the proceedings Sheridan gravely explained their technique.

"We don't use scripts, because Annabel can't read, but she's really quite good at doing what I tell her until he gets bored," he said.

This happened midway through the second act, when Annabel announced the show was over, drew the curtains, and sang "God Save the King" in a lively treble.

A complete lack of self-consciousness marked the spontaneous performance, which was highlighted with some assured ad libbing by "producer" Sheridan.



CURTAIN BOWS are taken by Sheridan to Sheridan for curtain speech, but at the same degree of rakishness that his



PREVIEW peek at the audience to ensure that everything is right out front. The Morley children delight in play-acting and their famous father encourages them to develop their evident talent.

A TOAST to Robert, our father. The children look grave and clink cup and glass. Audience from left: Mrs. Morley, Ellis Irving and his wife, Sophie Stewart, of "Edward, My Son" cast, and Robert Morley.

HUMMING "Little Tommy Tucker" Annabel in the mood to act the part of Miss Perry. Sheridan turns on a lamp

Another Morley triumph



Sheridan and Annabel, who are quite gratified with the show of applause. Father looks at Annabel gets in first. Sheridan was most particular that the angle of his hat should achieve the father affects with his favorite Homburg and favors the English style in long topcoat.



beneath her breath puts
secretary of the play,
display of expostulation.



PRODUCER-STAR and leading lady oblige with autographs. "Delighted, I'm sure," was Sheridan's answer. Father is pleased, and Mrs. Morley is quite overcome by her family's talent.



CROWNED with red crepe paper and ton of assurance, Miss Annabel Morley sings "God Save The King." She needs little prompting, but is temperamental about repeating any scene. "She quickly gets bored," explains producer Sheridan.



FLOWERS for madam, who displays no reluctance in accepting a fitting tribute for a spectacular performance. Miss Sophie Stewart, who makes the presentation on behalf of audience, is able co-star of Robert Morley in "Edward, My Son."

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Play For Time

Continued from page 7

AS they were returning to the city, Monty suddenly said: "By Jove! I've just thought of it. That farewell message of Mary's . . . it's out of the play. Of course, I don't suppose that has any significance—"

"No, I don't imagine so," Handy said evenly. "Apparently she thought the quotation appropriate."

"It was familiar to me as soon as I read it, but I was too stupefied to remember."

"And the play," asked Handy, "does it go on?"

"Yes. Mary's understudy will play her part to-night . . . Er—you can drop me here if you would, Handy."

The car pulled up, and Monty got out. He stood at the door a moment and looked at Handy almost pleadingly.

"Tell me what you think," he said. "I—I'd hate to think that Mary committed suicide. I . . . just can't believe it."

"Well, to be candid, it looks very much like suicide to me," said Handy. "But don't worry. We'll overlook nothing, and I'll keep in touch with you."

At two o'clock the next afternoon Handy discussed the Mary West case with Detective Allen.

"It's all tied up now," said Allen. "Everything points to suicide. The fingerprints on the gun are the dead woman's. The bullet was fired from her gun, and at point-blank range. The farewell message was in her handwriting. There are no suspicious circumstances."

He went on, detailing in his official voice: "Nobody was seen to enter or leave her flat that night. A sound like a shot was heard at 10 o'clock by people in the next-door block of flats, but was thought to be a car back-fire. The maid's movements are accounted for."

"And her motive?" asked Handy. "Is unknown. Who can tell in the case of a suicide? Temporary mental derangement. Some obscure and hidden worry."

"All her affairs are in order?" "Yes, as far as we can learn. Her financial position was secure."

"In other words, she had everything to live for. She was a successful actress, beautiful and admired. She was engaged to be married. Apparently she was well and happy."

Allen nodded. "What about men in her life?"

"We've checked on her men friends. She had many admirers, but we found no entanglements. We've been able to check on their movements, with one exception, and I don't think he's important. His name is John Briade, and he played opposite her in this play, 'Play For Time.'"

"He sailed for England yesterday morning to do film work. He is said to have been very friendly with Mary West, but gave no signs of being jealous when her engagement was known."

"I thought it wasn't public." "No, it wasn't, but it was common knowledge in the 'Play For Time' company."

After Allen left, Handy sat staring into space, thinking of the title of Mary West's play: "Play For Time."

"'Play For Time,'" he murmured to himself. It was a good title, a good principle.

Then a phrase, "The time for parting," out of Mary West's farewell note, kept repeating itself in his brain, and a vague and seemingly impossible theory occurred to him.

"I think," he said to himself, "that I'd better go along and take a look at this play."

Please turn to page 37

HANDY picked up the phone, rang Monty, and asked for a seat. Monty sounded surprised, but didn't ask any questions. Handy dialed alone and afterwards went to see "Play for Time."

He watched the play attentively, and, when it was over, went backstage in search of Monty. Monty was surrounded by people all talking at the same time, but as soon as he saw Handy he quickly excused himself and, taking Handy's arm, led him to his office.

"Well," he said, as soon as the door closed behind them, "what have you to tell me? I know you don't go to plays—especially this play—just for fun."

"I've nothing to tell you," answered Handy, "but I've come to ask you a few questions."

"Fire away, then."

"Well, first of all, what do you know about John Briade?"

"John Briade? He was Mary's leading-man in the play and—"

"Was he in love with her?"

"I don't really know. I think quite a few people were."

"And what was your opinion of Briade?"

"I knew he was pretty friendly with Mary. That didn't worry me. After all, they played together. Personally, I didn't like him. I recognised that he was a very competent actor, but when he had the offer to go to England I wasn't sorry to see him go."

"Another thing. Do you know of his movements at all last Sunday? Could he have been at Mary West's flat at ten o'clock, for instance?"

"He could have been. I have no idea. I last saw him on Saturday night, and I left Mary's flat on Sunday afternoon. That was the last—"

"O.K. Could you let me have some pictures of John Briade?"

"It'll be a pleasure. We've got sheaves, and you're welcome to the lot. I'll have Publicity send you over the whole lot in the morning."

"Spare us a deluge of photographic art, but I'd like several poses of Briade. To-morrow I've got a very tedious job for a certain Sergeant Clough on my plain-clothes staff, and the earlier I get the photos the better."

"I don't suppose," said Monty, as Handy rose to go, "that I could ask you a question?"

"After seeing the play," answered Handy, "I feel pretty sure that Mary West was murdered. To-morrow I hope to find out who did it."

The photos of John Briade arrived early the morning after Handy's visit to the play. Handy studied them for a while, then summoned Sergeant Clough. He handed the sergeant the autograph album.

"Sergeant," he said, "I've got reason to think that this album was bought in Sydney during the past week." He showed the sergeant John Briade's photo.

"I think that this chap was the man who bought it. I want you to see if you can find out where it was bought. If you do—and I'm hoping you will—you know what to do. Phone me as soon as you have any luck."

Sergeant Clough's job was painstaking and unspectacular—the spade-work of detection. First, he got the addresses of every firm in the city of Sydney that was likely to sell albums. Then he sorted them into street-order.

Next he went to the photographic gallery and obtained a dozen photos ranging from ones very like Briade to others very unlike.

Sergeant Clough took the album and the photos and began his search.

Play For Time

Continued from page 36

As he finished each firm he crossed it off his list and resolutely went on to the next.

By half-past three the sergeant's list was more than three parts crossed off, and his feet were tired, but his resolution was undimmed. At twenty to four he went into a small book and curio shop, showed his album, and the girl behind the counter immediately answered: "Why, yes. I sold an album like that last week."

"How do you remember that far back?" asked the sergeant, smiling. "I can't remember what I had for breakfast."

"Well, the person who bought it was in a great hurry. He rushed in and said, 'I want an autograph album—the cheapest you have. And as quick as possible.' He didn't look the kind of person who needed to buy a cheap one, either."

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, because he was very well dressed, and—"

Suddenly the girl stopped and looked sharply at the sergeant. "But why—"

The sergeant produced his authority and gave the girl another reassuring smile.

"Police," he said. "Anything you can do to help us—er—now you say this chap was well dressed. Could you describe him?"

"Yes, I think I could. He was well dressed and wore a very bright

"John Briade, eh? But how—"

"I'd better begin at the beginning. John Briade was pretty clever and is going to be very surprised when he's arrested. You see, although he murdered Mary, she fired the shot herself. The gun and the fingerprints didn't lie. Furthermore, she wrote the farewell message herself."

He added grimly, "In fact, if it hadn't been for a streak of meanness in Briade's character, he would probably have never been found out. He was just too mean to buy an expensive autograph album and—"

"I felt sure that Mary never bought that shoddy album."

"Yes, and it was your certainty about that which first set me thinking. Then with the photos that you gave me and some excellent but tiresome work by Sergeant Clough we found the shop where Briade bought his album. A girl sold it to him. Further bad luck for Briade. He's so handsome that the girl remembered him and identified his photo. Next thing—"

"But I don't see—"

"Another moment and you will. His motive, I imagine, was jealousy. Briade was in love with Mary. A few questions asked among the cast of 'Play for Time' reveals that his intention to go to England dates from the time your engagement to Mary became known. As time went on Briade's jealousy reached murderous proportions. Then he got an idea, and I imagine he got it from the play."

"You know, of course, the scene where Mary pretends to commit suicide in order to scare her wealthy father into allowing her to go to Europe to study singing? She points the gun at her heart, pulls the trigger, and, when the gun fails to go off, lets her father think it was a misfire."

Monty nodded shortly.

"Briade saw Mary do that night after night," Handy continued. "He began to think, 'If only the gun were loaded.' Well, last Sunday night he went to Mary's flat, ostensibly to say good-bye. First of all, he asked her to write something in his album and cunningly suggested those lines from the play. Somehow he persuaded her to rehearse the suicide scene from the play."

"I guess he gave her some sentimental reason for wanting to see her acting it once more. I believe that she was very effective in that scene."

"That's true. She was great. A magnificent bit of acting."

"Well," said Handy, "more than likely Briade used a little flattery in order to get Mary to play the scene for him. As I see it, he would load the gun while she was writing in his album. Apparently he knew all about the gun. Probably was very helpful and went and got it for her. Of course, he wore gloves while handling the gun."

"It was a cold-blooded, premeditated murder, carefully planned and callously executed. He stood there and watched her shoot herself. Then he tore the page out of the album, left it to become her farewell message, and no doubt made his getaway down the back staircase."

He added thoughtfully, "That was a clever touch, getting her to write that quotation, though it proved his downfall. Suicides almost always leave some kind of message."

Suddenly Handy looked at his watch.

"I should say that by now John Briade has been arrested and is wondering what on earth betrayed him."

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She's hoping for ...



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special. To say them with a perfume by Saville is as pretty a compliment to her taste (and your own) as a gift could be. Saville's 'Mischief' for instance! A gay, youthful fragrance with a touch of lovable impudence! Or 'June'—the soul of a thousand flowers. Or, for great occasions, 'Seventh Heaven'—the perfume that men love women to wear. She's hoping ...



Saville, Perfumer, Piccadilly, London



"I can't even remember my campaign promises."

tie—blue and red it was. And he was quite good-looking. Dark and tall and with a dark moustache, and—"

"Look," said the sergeant, "I have some photos here. Now you see if you can pick out one like him."

The girl looked at the photos for a moment and then confidently picked out John Briade's photo.

"That's him," she said. "I'd know him again anywhere."

"It's bad luck for him he's so handsome," murmured the sergeant half under his breath.

"What's he done?" asked the girl, suddenly agog with curiosity.

At nine o'clock that night Handy telephoned Monty.

"Can you come round here?" he asked. "I want to tell you something about Mary West."

"I'll come straight over," replied Monty.

He found Handy standing at a window, smoking and looking out over the lights of the city.

"Glad you could come," said Handy. "Sit down and have a cigarette. I can't get away from here for a while."

Monty sat down and lit a cigarette. "And now—"

"I wanted to tell you," said Handy slowly, "that there's a warrant out for the arrest of John Briade, for the murder of Mary West. His ship is in Melbourne. We've arranged for the Victorian police to pull him in. I've got a couple of men on the way over to bring him back."

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely PRINCESS NARDA: Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by KARA and KARON: Who are twin sister and brother. The twins fall in love with Mandrake and Narda.

Under the country's law, if one weds, the other must quit the throne and go into exile, so each plans to marry first. Karon kidnaps Narda, and hides her in a huge jar in a hut, not knowing that Kara has also put Mandrake there. NOW READ ON:



ROYAL BROTHER AND SISTER EAT SUPPER. "REMEMBER THAT SILLY OLD LAW, THAT IF ONE OF US MARRIES, THE OTHER ONE MUST GIVE UP THE THRONE AND GO INTO EXILE?" SAYS KARON. -- "YES, I HOPE NEITHER OF US WILL EVER MARRY, DEAR BROTHER," SAYS KARA.



BUT AS SOON AS SUPPER IS OVER...

"PREPARE THE NORTH SHRINE. I WILL MARRY AFTER DARK," SAYS PRINCE KARON.

"PREPARE THE SOUTH SHRINE. I WILL MARRY AFTER DARK," SAYS PRINCESS KARA.



IN THE GARDENERS COTTAGE OF KARANA PALACE, MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR LOOK INTO THE LARGE JAR AND FIND -- NARDA! "GOING TO COOK?" ASKS LOTHAR. -- "NO, I THINK THE PRINCE INTENDS TO MARRY NARDA -- AND IS HIDING HER FROM HIS SISTER, THE PRINCESS."



IN THE PALACE, PRINCE KARON AND PRINCESS KARA PRETEND TO BE SLEEPY. "GOOD NIGHT, DEAR SISTER," SAYS KARON. "GOOD NIGHT, DEAR BROTHER, PLEASANT DREAMS," SAYS KARA.



IN THEIR OWN CHAMBERS, KARA AND KARON HURRY INTO THE MARRIAGE COSTUME. BOTH KNOW THAT IF ONE MARRIES, THE OTHER ONE MUST GIVE UP THE THRONE AND GO INTO EXILE! NEITHER KNOWS THAT BOTH ARE PLANNING MARRIAGE AT ONCE!



MANDRAKE IS BROUGHT TO THE SOUTH SHRINE, WHERE KARA AWAITS HIM. "AH, MY BRIDEGROOM," SHE SMILES. -- "NOW, JUST A MINUTE," PROTESTS MANDRAKE.



AND IN THE NORTH SHRINE -- THE LARGE JAR IS WHEELED FROM THE GARDENERS COTTAGE -- "GIVE ME YOUR HAND, MY GENTLE NARDA," SAYS PRINCE KARON. "THIS IS OUR WEDDING NIGHT."



TO BE CONTINUED



YARDLEY



YARDLEY



YARDLEY • LONDON NEW YORK PARIS SYDNEY

THE waiter set their plates before them, and Cathy stormed into her salad, speaking fast. "Here you are, alated for the next promotion in the head office—the beginning of the big salaries, and you want to—oh, Dal! You'd be throwing away everything if you went to the mill. Even if you rose to the top there we'd just be a small-town couple to the end of our lives."

Dal hadn't started to eat. He was looking at her steadily, and Cathy's eyes fell rebelliously. She battled with her lettuce. "I don't want that. I want to live smartly and excitingly. It isn't as if you can't do well and hold an important job and make a lot of money."

"I don't want a lot of money, Cath," Dal said gently. "All I want is you always around, and a family, and a lot of work and a lot of fun. That's all I ask of life. In return, I'll be the best husband and father I possibly can."

Cathy gulped, but stiffened herself against relenting.

The waitress came then with their coffee, which had slopped over into the saucers. Any other time Cathy wouldn't have minded, but to-day the unfastidiousness of it seemed somehow emblematic of the kind of life Dal talked about.

She could feel her face go hard, but she didn't care. "I don't want any coffee," she said.

Dal was looking anxiously at her. "Cath!"

Cathy took out her lipstick. Her hand was shaking as she used it.

"Ask me if I love you, and the answer's yes," she said, very low. "But for the rest—you're so wrong. Wrong for yourself, and wrong for me. I'll have to leave now, or I'll be late."

Dal shouldn't have done this to her when she was starting on such an important job, she thought indignantly. Especially he shouldn't have looked at her like that, with his heart in his eyes, so she couldn't get away from the memory!

The Stanley residence was of grey stone, with delicate iron-work. The entrance was at street level, and the

Autumn Wedding

Continued from page 9

butler ushered Cathy up two floors in the small elevator.

"Mrs. Stanley will see you here in the morning-room," he said, showing her into a small study facing the street. "Madam will be up as soon as she has finished luncheon."

Cathy had heard feminine voices coming from the dining-room at the far end of the entrance hall, and had contrasted her uncomfortable, badly served meal with the peace and leisure of one in that quiet house.

A little later, Cathy heard the elevator door close, and then Mrs. Stanley stood in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, Miss Bridges. Imagine Miss Giles choosing this moment to get appendicitis!"

"I hope she's getting on well."

"I haven't heard. But the work to be done! I told Mr. Stanley I simply couldn't risk having an incompetent person in Miss Giles' place. I'm utterly swamped. Now, if you can take on most of the wedding business—Miss Giles has been sitting at the big desk in the library, where the presents are being displayed..."

She went on talking, and Cathy had to struggle to keep her mind alert to what she was saying. She kept thinking Mrs. Stanley was exactly like Leila Barnsdall, the postmistress in the little town where Cathy came from, the way she acted as if she were going down for the third time in the accumulation of things to be done.

"Oh, Alida, there you are!" Mrs. Stanley said as a slender girl came into the room. "This is Miss Bridges."

Cathy smiled, and the bride-to-be sat on a corner of the desk.

"Alida—those papers!"

Alida eased herself up a little, so her mother could pull the papers free.

"Gosh, mother, why don't you chuck all that mess in the wastebasket?" She turned to Cathy. "Mother's always up to her neck in something."

Mrs. Stanley was riffling through various piles on the desk. "Where is that list of extra names Thornton gave me? Alida, you could take a

little responsibility about things like that."

"I've got all those infernal thank-you notes to write, mother."

"Yes, but you're only doing those to people who know your handwriting. Miss Bridges will do all the rest."

Alida moved some papers to get to the half-buried ashtrey.

"Darling Aunt Bea," she recited, "your salad-servers are simply beautiful. How did you know I needed them so desperately? I only have six pairs. With my warmest thanks, etc., etc."

"You're outrageous, Alida. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"I'm going to Auguste's with you for the final fitting of my wedding dress, then—goody! goody!—I'm going to a cocktail party. And another every day till the wedding. What a life!" She disappeared into the hall.

"Crazy child," Mrs. Stanley murmured. "The only thing she likes is horses. I think she's marrying Thornton Drummond for his horses. Now these names, Miss Bridges, are for the wedding, church only, and these for church and reception. This long list is extras for the cocktail party here next Monday—over four hundred invitations have already gone out."

SHE fluttered her hands worriedly. "When you've finished, get to work opening the mass of presents on the floor in the library. Put your coat and hat in the closet off the powder-room. Oh, will you call up the Colony Club—they want to know the latest figures for the reception. There's a pile of mail on the desk in the library. Check the acceptances and regrets before you call the club."

Slightly dazed, Cathy went downstairs to the powder-room.

She hung up her coat and hat, then sat on a bench before a mirrored dressing-table with an emerald quilted satin skirt. The walls of

the small room were black, and Cathy could feel her spirits unfolding with the smartness and elegance.

She ran a comb through her hair that gleamed under the light from the slender columns of fragile crystal, then went up the stairs, and under the archway to the library. She paused a moment, then, almost shyly, went in.

The chairs were pushed haphazardly against the book-cased walls, and a long trestle-table

covered with a magnificent lace cloth was loaded indiscriminately with silver, crystal, china, and linen. The floor was strewn with unopened packages of all shapes and sizes, and Cathy had to press them aside to reach the desk near the big bow window.

The parlormaid came in. "Here's a lot more packages, miss. I'll just dump them with the others."

"Thank you," Cathy thought it wouldn't do the girl any harm to show a little interest and warmth in the proceedings. And she could hardly wait to rearrange the presents on the table, so they wouldn't have that barely-tolerated look. Miss Giles obviously hadn't appreciated her surroundings.

She found a box of wedding invitations on the floor beside the window, cleared a space on the desk and started to decipher one of Mrs. Stanley's lists.

The names of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Havelington were interwoven with a reminder to speak to the florist about the bridesmaids' bouquets and what was either their address or that of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Harley-Smith curled coily and indecipherably round "cases of champagne—ask George how many."

The telephone directory didn't help. Perhaps the Social Register—

There was one lying on the desk and Cathy took it up with reverence.



"Now watch, Daddy. See how easy it is."

It was the first time she had ever seen one, and opening it was like standing on the portal of an enchanted world.

She turned straight to the C's—Cobb, Coburn, Cochran, ah—Cochrane. That's where she and Dal would be. Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Cochrane.

Then she turned the pages fiercely. Idiot! What was she looking for? Oh, yes, the Havelingtons.

Hatch . . . Hathaway . . . Havemeyer. No Havelingtons. No Harley-Smiths either. What did she do now? There were Social Registers for other cities, but she could find only the New York one.

She had better go through all the names Mrs. Stanley had given her and make a list of those whose addresses were either unreadable or non-existent. It took her a good while and then she went upstairs.

Mrs. Stanley was talking on the telephone, and Alida, dressed to go out, was walking restlessly about in the hall.

"I give up," she greeted Cathy. "We're fifteen minutes late now and there's mother talking away, and she still has to change. I mean what's the use of it all? I wish the wretched wedding was over." She started down the stairs. "Tell mother, will you, that I've gone on to Auguste's."

Please turn to page 43

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Young Australian is Paris cabaret star

By ROLAND PULLEN in Paris.

Liliane Robert, 20-year-old French film actress, laughed so much at the clowning of a bearded comedian playing the barrel-organ at the Rose Rouge, famous Paris cabaret, that she went behind scenes to congratulate him after the performance.

Behind scenes she met handsome 27-year-old Australian-born Jacques Hilling. "Where can I find the funny old man with the beard and the barrel-organ?" she asked him.

"RIGHT here," answered Hilling, who had taken off his beard. And so began a romance leading to the wedding of two top-liners in French entertainment. When I interviewed him they had fixed the date of their marriage for late November.

Hilling was born in Fern Street, Randwick, N.S.W., in 1922. He came to Paris with his parents at the age of seven, went to a French school and hated it. He left school at 14 to become a milkman.

Now he is one of the highest-paid and most-laughed-at entertainers in Paris. In Paris night-clubs and cabarets they call him "the Australian Groucho Marx," but Hilling's humor is quite original.

His audiences think of him as an elderly eccentric, for, although good-looking and only 27, he always appears in comic roles, usually with a prodigious beard or moustache which makes him look nearer 60.

Despite his hilarious clowning, Hilling is a very serious young man. He was taken prisoner by the Germans during the war, and spent his time in prison camp at St. Denis, near Paris, learning roles in plays of Racine, Victor Hugo, and other French classicists.

He was hoping to go on the serious stage when he was released, but his flair for comedy, mimicry, and clever improvisation soon made him

much sought after by producers of smart cabaret entertainment.

There are more than 250 of such cabarets in Paris where you can go and sit at a table, drink champagne or orange juice, and watch a show. They usually start after the theatre, and go on until 2 a.m. or even dawn.

Hilling's gifts are so rare that only the best cabarets can afford to star him.

Hilling, French newspapers say, is the only known Australian to speak French with a perfect Parisian accent, and is one of the few foreign actors to understand the real atmosphere of French entertainment.

He had more advantages than most for learning French. His mother, who was an accompanist at the Sydney Conservatorium in the days of Verbrugghen, is French. He is living with her in an apartment in the Boulevard Clichy, heart of Paris night-club life.

His father, now dead, was once publicity officer for Tivoli Theatres in Sydney and Melbourne. In Melbourne the family lived in an apartment above the Tivoli Theatre, and from there young Jacques would climb down to watch the entertainers behind scenes on the Tivoli stage.

Hilling's main ambition is to play in Australia on the stage—but only in serious roles.

"I don't think I would go down in Australia as a funny man, as all my comedy roles have been based on my observation of French life," he says.

But Australians who have seen him doing his acts in Paris have urged



JACQUES HILLING, Sydney-born cabaret star of Paris, as he really looks.



LILIANE ROBERT, lovely young Paris actress, who hopes to visit Australia later. This story from Paris tells of her romance with Randwick-born Jacques Hilling.



IN CHARACTER as the barrel-organ player at the Rose Rouge cabaret in Paris.

him to go to Australia to appear in the same acts.

Hilling is afraid of his English, which he speaks with a faintly American accent. This he acquired when he was a prisoner, as most of the English-speaking prisoners in the same camp were Americans. He turns his phrases, too, in such a way that usually he speaks English like a Frenchman.

His fiancée Liliane was born in

Paris. She has just appeared in her first film, "Valse de Paris," and critics have given her flattering notices.

"If I have my way we shall be in Australia before long," she says. "Since I was very young I have always loved the thought of surfing on the beaches of the Pacific."

Liliane is slim, has light brown hair, and a beautiful clear skin. Her favorite relaxation is swimming, and

she spends all her summer holidays on the French Riviera.

"I am afraid I shall never be able to appear on the Australian stage because I do not know enough English even to speak it with Jacques," she said.

The marriage will be at the town hall in Rue Pigalle, heart of Paris nightlife entertainment quarter, and the wedding breakfast will be at Chez Gilles, the night-club where Jacques is now appearing.

Jacques will leave his guests sitting at the tables at midnight while he goes behind scenes to put on his beard and strap his barrel-organ around his neck.

His part is so original and needs so much ad libbing that the producers haven't been able to find an understudy for him.

Many French stage and film stars and some well-known Australians living in Paris will be among the wedding guests.



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MRS. STANLEY

finished her conversation, then immediately started dialling another number.

"Where's Alida gone?" she said to Cathy hovering near the doorway. "To August's. She wanted me to tell you."

"So impatient, she is. She knows how much I have to do. Hello! Cornelia?"

Cathy thought she, too, had a lot to do. But the invitations had to go out, so she had no alternative but to hang round until Mrs. Stanley stopped talking.

"Mrs. Stanley, these missing addresses—" she began then.

"They're probably Washington or Philadelphia—the Registers are here somewhere," Mrs. Stanley waved vaguely at her desk and swept out of the room.

Maybe the Registers were there, but the more she searched the more Cathy had Leila Barnsdall before her eyes. Leila and Mrs. Stanley were the same person, except for a couple of million dollars, and at the moment Cathy felt Leila was far the more sterling character.

Finally she discovered Washington in a drawer under a layer of rubber bands, and Philadelphia turned up—back against the wall—with a pair of bookends on top of it.

It was almost five o'clock before she was ready to telephone the club, because the only record she could find of acceptances and regrets was the typed wedding list marked with red A's and blue R's, and she had to add the A's page by page to get the total.

She had to do the job twice, too, for the first time she forgot that most of the A's covered husband and wife.

She wasn't used to working alone, and the big house seemed empty still and quiet.

It oppressed Cathy till she started opening the packages.

Her heart went out immediately to a little porcelain bedroom clock and an exquisitely embossed twelve-piece luncheon set. She purred over antique crystal and delicate china, and then unwrapped the gift that waited her right out of this world.

The tag said it was an Elizabethan challenge. Cathy was not too sure what a challenge was, but this silver object was poetry and romance, and her fingers caressed its smooth surface, fingered on the delicate handles.

When she came out of the powder-room next morning there at the foot of the staircase, with its lovely curving banister, stood the parlormaid holding packages.

"I'll take them," Cathy said. "Exciting, isn't it, all these wonderful presents?"

"Miss Alida doesn't need 'em," the maid returned, balancing the pile in Cathy's outstretched arms. "Mr. Drummond's got everything already in all those boxes of his."

My goodness, thought Cathy, we start being gloomy early in the morning.

The library seemed drab and chilly. Cathy was hard at work on the presents when Crosley, Mrs. Stanley's maid, put her head around the archway. "Madam says will you come up, please, miss."

Her black tone matched the pall there seemed to be over the house, so Cathy put extra cheer into her voice as she said, "Surely, right away."

As she drew alongside the maid on the staircase, "You must be very busy with the wedding," she remarked.

Crosley shrugged. "If it wasn't that, miss, it'd be something else."

Mr. Stanley's breakfast tray was on the floor outside his closed door. Maybe he didn't even see his family before he went to the office, Cathy

Autumn Wedding

Continued from page 40

was thinking as she knocked at Mrs. Stanley's door.

"Come in," "Good morning, Mrs. Stanley," Cathy said briskly as she closed the door after her.

"Good morning," Mrs. Stanley was propped up in bed against heavily monogrammed pillows. The lace-edged blanket-cover was buried under a mass of things—opened mail, an engagement book, various little leather memo books, and a large one marked "Addresses."

Alida, in her dressing-gown, came in and deposited herself on the bed.

"Don't bother me now, Alida," her mother said. "I have a lot of things to give Miss Bridges."

"Don't mind me," Alida returned, pulling her knees up against her chest. "You know what, mother? Betty's train gets in about one-fifteen. I wanted to meet her and take her to Armando's for lunch, but she gets train-sick and doesn't want to be met, doesn't want any food. I'll have to lunch at home, I guess, to be in when she comes."

She turned to Cathy. "Will you be lunching in? Come and keep me company. I hate eating alone, and mother's always out."

"Alida, do go away," her mother implored. "There are a thousand things to tell Miss Bridges before I go to the hairdresser, and I can't work with you around."

BRISK BUSINESS

MANY desperate home-hunters and many breadwinners wanting to buy a business have found opportunities in the Classified Advertising section of the Daily Telegraph.

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Alida stood up. "You're always too busy to have me around."

"I can't help being busy, you know. Someone has to do all this work."

"And Dad can never come riding with me because he's busy. O.K. I suppose I'll be the same when I have a couple of kids and have to run Thornton's blamed horses. But thank goodness there'll be the horses at least."

As she went out of the room, Mrs. Stanley pulled up the sleeves of her bedjacket that dripped with lace, and burrowed into the papers spread around her.

"People don't realise—" she began, then a note caught her eye. "Oh, yes—the pew cards. I don't think Miss Giles had got very far with them."

For heaven's sake, thought Cathy, can't the guests just go into the church and be ushered into any old pew?

They worked on that, and then Cathy was given directions about the house guests. One bridesmaid—the one Alida had mentioned. Betty somebody—was to arrive that day from Grove Point, and on Monday, another, Corinne Milton, and Mr. Stanley's sister and her husband were coming from Washington.

"That's all the spare rooms I

have," Mrs. Stanley moaned. "And dreadful old Aunt Editha has to be put somewhere. You'd better call the Plaza and the St. Regis and reserve a couple of suites at each for Monday on, and I'll think out who had better go where. People always crop up at the last. As if one had spare rooms that could be hauled out of a closet."

She glanced at the little gold clock on the bedside table. "Look at the time! I'm supposed to call the florist about the bridesmaids' bouquets—you'll have to do it. Tell him—"

The telephone rang. "I'm out," Mrs. Stanley said, and Cathy took up the receiver and did some of her best lying, thinking in the back of her mind that a busy office was a playground compared to this.

The worst pressure at the office had never flustered her, but here—maybe it was the constant stream of packages arriving that helped to undermine her. There were dozens unopened, and still they poured in.

Just before one o'clock Alida came into the library. Cathy wasn't too harassed to think how expensive the simplicity of the black frock must have been.

"I want to see," Alida said, stepping over a pile of parcels, "if there's anything here that isn't junk."

A few minutes later she laughed, and Cathy looked up to see her playing with an egg-beater.

"Imagine finding this among the loot!" Alida's faintly insolent air had gone, and Cathy thought she was cute, looking happy like that. "What am I supposed to do with an egg-beater?"

"You could make a cake just for fun sometime."

"I did make one once. It wasn't bad, either," Alida turned the handle thoughtfully.

"You know," she spoke low, and her long, beautifully cut, well brushed hair fell against her cheeks as she looked down at the egg-beater. "It must be rather nice to really set up housekeeping, and have kitchen showers and linen showers and be thrilled with everything."

Cathy abruptly went back to her work.

Easy enough for Alida to talk like that when she had everything in the world. Like rich people finding slumming novel and attractive. And it was just madness for her to seize upon an egg-beater out of that lavish assortment of lovely gifts.

"Luncheon is served, Miss Alida," the butler announced from the doorway.

"Thanks, Brant."

Alida could have her egg-beater, Cathy thought, as she sat in the dining-room that opened on to a square of sunlit garden. She, Cathy, would take being waited upon by a butler.

Sunday morning came with Cathy out of breath.

Dad had telephoned to see if he could meet her that day, but she had said she would be working.

"Oh," he had said. Just, "Oh."

Cathy had wanted to ask if he had done anything about the mill, yet didn't dare to in case he had. Dad had fumbled round with a couple of loose ends of conversation, then come forth with, "Well, when will I see you?"

"Not till the wedding's over, I guess. I'll be working late every night till then." After a moment she had added, "I've been invited to the wedding."

She had waited for a suitably impressed response, but none—impressed or otherwise—had come, so she had said, as if she were putting meringue on top of the first announcement, "and to the reception."

Dad's "Oh!" had been a tone lower than the earlier one, and the conversation had ended in something of a dirge-like atmosphere.

Please turn to page 44

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AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE.

CREATIONS OF GLORIA KNITTING MILLS, MELBOURNE

Autumn Wedding

Continued from page 43

DESPERATELY Cathy had tried to pretend she didn't feel forlorn, but she'd known that Dal's arms around her and his kiss were what she dreadfully wanted. Everything could be so perfect if only he would see the importance of money.

She dreamed that Alida arrived at the altar to find no one awaiting her there except Dal, in faultless formal clothes. He looked at Cathy sitting in a side pew, said clearly: "You were perfectly right—money is the most important thing in the world," then faced the altar and was married to Alida.

It was hardly a soothing dream.

That Sunday Alida was to go riding in the country with her fiancé, and round eleven o'clock Thornton Drummond was shown into the library to wait for her.

He was rather short, and Cathy suspected he tore round pretty madly to keep his weight down. Obviously he was tired this morning—there had been a big dinner and theatre party the night before—and he sank on to a chair and looked wearily at the display of presents.

"No end to them, is there?" he muttered.

"That's a dismal way to feel," Cathy said. "People are supposed to be pleased about their wedding presents."

He looked at her wistfully. "It would be nice to be pleased. But when you already have twenty times too much of everything, all this stuff's just an added burden."

A week ago, his imported convertible standing in the quiet side street would have been the perfect vehicle for Cathy's dreams. It would have been Dal who was helping Cathy to get in and it would have been Cathy who was dressed in a flawless riding outfit with a lovely heathery tweed topcoat thrown casually over her shoulders.

The clear air with its autumn tang would have mixed itself up with the unreality, and Cathy would have had at least five seconds of heaven.

To-day, she barely glanced out of the window at the dazzling cream roadster with its blue leather upholstery, and she left the cast of characters just as it was.

Mr. Stanley came in a few minutes later, dressed for golf.

"Hello, Miss Bridges! Working to-day, are you?"

"How is everything at the office?" she asked wistfully.

"Awful." He idly opened a gold cigarette box on the table and shut it again. "Whatever will Alida do with all this stuff?" He spoke disparagingly, but his expression as he looked at the elaborate show was rather pleased.

"What an enormous icebucket!" he exclaimed. "It's sterling! 'Fred and Julia Sempton'—how on earth did they get invited? A sterling icebucket!" He chuckled as he walked out.

Cathy went on opening packages, noting them in a book, tying the cards to the presents with white ribbon and putting them on the long table on which there was hardly a clear inch left.

"Oh, good morning, Crosley!" she said as Mrs. Stanley's maid came in. "I'm glad you're here. I want to give Miss Alida a small present and was wondering if you had any suggestions."

Crosley looked at the loads of gifts in the room.

"Oh, not that sort of thing," Cathy said quickly. "I mean just a trifle, something other people would never dream of giving her."

"Well, she has no decent handkerchiefs."

Cathy frowned incredulously. "But surely—"

"Rich girls have the big things, but not the little ones. Sometimes I feel sort of sorry for 'em."

Everything seemed to lead Cathy where she didn't want to be led. She bit her lip. She herself could be rich and still have decent handkerchiefs.

"Hasn't she got a wedding hankie?"

"No."

"Then I'll get her one."

"That'll be nice, miss. I must go up. Madam will have finished taking her bath. I was to tell you she'll see you on her way out."

When Mrs. Stanley came down, she hurried over to the desk.

"I only have a few minutes," she said. "Here are a few more people for the cocktail party to-morrow. You had better tell the caterer how many extra are coming. And telegraph Aunt Editha—Mrs. Ruxley-Cole, in Newport—that a suite has been reserved for her at the Plaza. And Mrs. Markeson, too. No! They fight like cat and dog—better put Mrs. Markeson at the St. Regis."

She turned away, then turned back. "Oh, and send her flowers. Aunt Editha too. Dinner Tuesday night here for the whole wedding party—I must see Bella early to-morrow morning, she is so difficult about large dinners. What's this? Can you read it?"

Cathy didn't try very hard. "Mural canape?" she offered.

Mrs. Stanley considered the ridiculous suggestion in all seriousness. Then, "Oh, of course! Music—for the church, and the canopy. By the way, how does the reception list stand now?"

Fortunately, Cathy had the figures at her fingertips.

BY Monday afternoon Cathy didn't know whether she was on her head or her heels, and felt there would have been very little difference anyway.

Guests would soon be arriving for the cocktail party, and the library floor was strewn with unopened packages, the florist was still working with his assistants, the caterers were bustling around, another trestle-table was being set up in the library.

Alida hadn't come home after luncheon, the Washington bridesmaid was arriving, and the other house guests—the Pollards—were due any minute. Mrs. Stanley had just blown in and was—as always—telephoning in all directions, Crosley was in tears, and every time Cathy blinked there was the parlormaid with another package.

She knew very well any left unopened would inevitably be from people who would turn up at the cocktail party and scour the tables for a glimpse of their treasures, so she threw to the winds her careful noting of everything and dashed about whisking off wrappings, scribbling notations on the labels which she tore off and threw in the desk drawer, and putting the presents and cards on the second trestle-table without benefit of white ribbon.

The library chairs and most of the drawing-room furniture were being removed to a warehouse till the next day. They were supposed to have gone in the morning, but the truck had broken down, and several warehousemen tramping over the carpets at this stage were just what was needed to soothe everybody.

At the height of the commotion, Mrs. Stanley sent for Cathy.

"Miss Bridges, where is Alida?" she wanted to know, as if Cathy were hiding her under a palm leaf.

Please turn to page 45

Yours faithfully

by MARTIN WISDOM



WHO PAYS THE PIPER?

It's worth thinking about that this time next week you may be paying medical and legal expenses for some person who, at this moment, you have never seen.

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Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

RUNNING

through Alida's engagement list Cathy tried to think. "I don't know, Mrs. Stanley. She lunched out. Of course! She's having the bridal photos taken."

"Well, call up and tell her—"

That second Alida came into the room, out of breath from running upstairs.

"Alida! Look at the time! And why did you use the stairs?"

"The servants have the elevator." She flopped into a chair. "I'm dead, and I'm sure the photographs'll be awful. The girl from Auguste's was late in coming to help me dress, and—oh, I want a drink."

"No one has time to bring you a drink. Anyway, you shouldn't drink now."

"I'll get you a glass of milk," Cathy said. "You go up and change."

"Yes, hurry, Alida. And say hello to Corinne, she's just arrived. Betty's out somewhere."

Cathy was collecting some papers to work on upstairs during the cocktail party, when the parlormaid appeared with more packages.

"Oh, no!" Cathy gasped.

At that moment the doorbell rang. The first guest.

Cathy lifted the cloth that covered the side trestle-table.

"Put them under here with the others I didn't have time to open." She had a headache, and, besides, there were a lot of confusing thoughts in her mind.

They were still there when she reached her small apartment late that night.

She looked at the telephone. It wouldn't hurt Dal to call up and find out how she was getting on. She left the bathroom door open while she took a shower so she would be sure to hear the telephone ring. She needn't have bothered.

In the end she rang. She simply had to speak to him before she went to sleep.

She said, rather hungrily, "Are you all right, Dal?"

"I'm fine." He added gently, "I miss you."

She must be a good deal more tired than she realised, Cathy thought, for she didn't usually feel weepy when Dal stroked her with his voice like that.

The following day Alida had a luncheon for her maid-of-honor and bridesmaids. She forgot to take her presents for the girls, and Cathy grabbed the beautifully wrapped jeweller's boxes and tore after her in a taxi. Afterwards she took the opportunity to buy her own present for Alida.

There was no chance to give it to her that day, for she didn't appear after she came back from the inevitable cocktails until she came down to the drawing-room for the wedding dinner party.

But the next morning Cathy caught her as she came home after a last-minute fitting of her going-away suit.

"Have you got a spare minute? I have a very small present for you—from me."

Alida looked pleased as she undid the white ribbon. "Oh, I do like that!" she exclaimed, as she unfolded the filmy handkerchief. "Thank you."

"Crosley said you didn't have a special one for to-morrow."

"No, I haven't. I shall use this at all my weddings."

Cathy must have looked as taken aback as she felt, for Alida laughed. "It's not likely I'll be Mrs. Thornton Drummond all my life, you know. Two women have already divorced him."

Cathy was older than the girl before her, but she suddenly felt wide open with innocence as Alida flung out that remark. It shocked her very much. The words seemed to rebound from the shelves of extravagantly bound books and rattle round in that dollar-encrusted atmosphere.

Autumn Wedding

Continued from page 44

Mrs. Stanley called down just then. "Miss Bridges, don't leave the photographers alone with the presents. Is one of the detectives there?"

"He'll be back in a moment, Mrs. Stanley. He's gone for coffee."

"One of them should be there all the time."

Cathy agreed. She certainly didn't want the responsibility of all that stuff.

"What's this about photographers?" Alida wanted to know.

"A couple of the newspapers telephoned to ask for pictures of you looking at the presents. Your mother said they could come at twelve-thirty."

"Whatever did she say that for? She knew Neville Drummond's giving a luncheon at the Pierre for Thornton and me." She looked at her watch, gasped, and turned to go upstairs. "It's nearly twelve-thirty now."

She kept the photographers waiting, and, when she did come down, Mrs. Stanley said, "But, Alida, I wanted Thornton, too. He should be calling for you any minute now. We'll wait."

CATHY knew the men had another assignment, and by the time Thornton Drummond finally arrived she was as worked up as they were.

They plunged into action. Cathy thought how often she had looked at such photographs in the Press and embroidered them with her dreams. In future, she would only wonder if the couples in the pictures really loved each other.

"Put your arm around her, please."

Cathy turned away.

On the morning of the wedding, Mrs. Stanley sent for Cathy directly she arrived, and pointed dramatically to the window.

"It's raining!" she said accusingly.

It was indeed. And not the gentle variety from heaven, but an extremely wet variety from unquestionably somewhere else.

"Call the Weather Bureau," directed Mrs. Stanley imperiously.

The Weather Bureau hadn't looked out of its window. "Showers this evening," it airily announced.

"I'll check the canopy at the church and get one for here," Cathy said.

"Yes, and I want you to go down to the church this morning and see that the florist is doing what I told him to. And get hold of the organist—I'm making a change in the music. The rehearsal yesterday was unspeakable. Alida insisted upon—is she awake yet?"

"I don't know."

"Crosley, tell Miss Alida I want her. If she isn't awake she should be."

Alida came in tying the sash of her dressing-gown.

"Betty's got a temperature," she said.

"She can't have a temperature," Mrs. Stanley returned flatly.

"Mother, don't be silly. She wasn't well last night. I hope Thornton's bachelor dinner wasn't as deadly as mine was."

"Crosley can give her some castor oil and she can stay in bed till it's time to dress. We can't have the whole wedding group upset because of Betty."

"I don't feel too good myself," Alida muttered, walking to the window. "Look at that! Ha, happy is the bride the sun rains on."

"Alida, that wretched Cora Hadley called me this morning to say old Mark Fromley wasn't sent an invitation. We certainly can't go and live next door to him next summer and not have invited him to the wedding."

She turned to Cathy. "Miss Bridges, he's at the University Club. Call up and say an invitation's coming by messenger. And I have to make a change in the pew seating. You'll have to retype the lists for the ushers."

When Cathy dashed down to the church at mid-day, she found the autumn foliage for the decorations piled up in stacks at the entrance, and the flowers in great boxes. How the florist would have the job done was a mystery.

Back at the house again, Cathy found Alida pacing up and down the library.

"I'm sick, really I am," she said. And well she might be, Cathy thought.

Please turn to page 46

RIVETS



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GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY

Autumn Wedding

Continued from page 45

L ISTLESSLY Alida went into the drawing-room and sat at the piano, striking chords idly.

"Another parcel and I'll go raving mad," Cathy said to the parlourmaid. "From now on, please throw all the beastly things in that corner."

"Knew it would get you, miss," the girl said blandly.

Cathy, like everyone else in the house, had her lunch on a tray. She only had a couple of bites of whatever it was—she never knew.

Mrs. Stanley's dress was supposed to have come at nine o'clock, but by one it hadn't arrived. Cathy finally ran it to earth by telephone.

Just for variety, the bride's bouquet came much too early, also the bridesmaids, and Mrs. Stanley's flowers. Bella protested about making room in the refrigerator for them.

Marie, from Auguste's, came to put on Alida's veil, and Cathy carried up the glorious pearls that were Thornton Drummond's present to his bride.

As Mr. Stanley had lifted them out of the safe, he'd murmured, "Look at them! They're worth a fortune."

Walking up the stairs with the necklace in her hand, the new diamond clasp sparkling as the hall lights caught its dazzling facets, Cathy had thought a girl's neck was no place for a fortune.

Marie was putting the final touch to the old rose-point veil when Mr. Stanley called up, "Aren't you ready up there? For heaven's sake! We'll be late."

A flurry of nervous excitement suddenly gripped everybody. The Pollards had already left for the church, but Corinne and Betty — temperature normal, presumably — ran back to their rooms. Mrs. Stanley leaned in front of Alida to see herself in the mirror and retile her hat, and Crosley gave a final yank to the bride's right-hand glove.

Cathy ran downstairs to get the bouquets.

Mr. Stanley was storming up and down the entrance hall.

"Can't you hurry them? Look at the time!"

"They're coming now, sir," Brant tried to soothe him.

When Cathy came out of the pantry with the bridal bouquet, Bella and the parlourmaid behind her with the other flowers, Alida was at the foot of the staircase.

"Oh! the candid cameraman!" cried Mrs. Stanley. "I wanted him here for this. Miss Bridges, why didn't you—"

Cathy was in a mood when she wanted very much to say, "Oh, shut up!"

"For heaven's sake—" Mr. Stanley shouted, looking at his watch.

Brant was holding open the front door, and he gave the signal for the carpet to be rolled out over the wet pavement.

Crosley put a white fur coat over the bride's shoulders and her train over her arm, and Alida stepped out under the canopy. Cathy was vaguely aware that Mrs. Stanley and the two bridesmaids were getting in the other car.

Then they had gone. The excitement was over.

Cathy went back past the watching maids and up to the library. She almost fell into her chair at the desk, and just sat there.

The house was so still. And quiet. And empty.

"Why, miss!" It was Crosley, in coat and hat. "I thought you was going to the church. There's a taxi waiting for you."

"I'm not going, Crosley. But you and the others had better hurry."

Cathy rested her head on her hands. She tried to picture the great, crowded church, but all she could see was Alida playing with the egg-beater.

Her mind went on to the reception. The hundreds of guests loomed up before her, there out of duty or curiosity or because there would be plenty of champagne. The beautifully decorated ballroom of the club and all those people jammed together—eating, drinking, criticising, gossiping.

It made her sick.

When she got married there would be no one there but people she and Dal loved and who loved them. Or perhaps even just Dal and herself.

She reached abruptly for the telephone.

"Dal!" Her voice was unsteady.

"Why, Cath! I thought you'd be at the church now."

"I'm not going. Listen, Dal, meet me, will you—just inside Central Park."

"I'll leave right away and come up in a taxi." He sounded anxious.

The park was soggy underfoot and the trees were dripping lazily.

There was no one in sight as Cathy waited, and very little traffic on the driveway. She could close her eyes and think she was in the country. Nice. She let the peace of it wash over her.

"Cath!"

She didn't speak as Dal came close, just lifted her face to kiss him and be kissed.

"When are we going to Maine?" she whispered.

His arms tightened round her, but before he could say anything, "Please, darling!" Cathy begged. "Let's go soon."

(Copyright)



Interesting People



MR. A. W. JESSEP

... noted botanist

LEAVING in February to represent Victoria at the International Botanical Congress in Stockholm is Government Botanist and Director of Melbourne Botanic Gardens and National Herbarium, Mr. A. W. Jessep. Master of Agriculture, Bachelor of Science, and holder of the Diploma of Education, before his appointment to the Botanic Gardens in 1942 Mr. Jessep was for 16 years Principal of the Burnley School of Horticulture. Not unexpectedly he names his favourite hobby as "growing things."



MRS. WALTER WHITE

... Brisbane alderman

TOPPING the poll with a majority of 3000 votes over her opponent, Mrs. Walter White is the first woman elected to Brisbane City Council. The mother of three sons, Mrs. White disclaims any special claim to fame, saying that by standing for election she was no more than "carrying out an idea I have had for many years—that women should seek public office." Pet slogan is "Pools for the People," and is campaigning for a memorial swimming pool in her electorate of Hamilton.



MR. PETER MASEFIELD

... youthful senior executive

ONLY in his mid-thirties, one of the world's youngest senior executives of a major airline, chief executive of British European Airways, is Peter Masefield, cousin of John Masefield, the Poet Laureate. He began flying at Cambridge, went into the design staff of an aviation company, transferred to the editorial staff of "Acroplane." Was Adviser on Civil Aviation to Lord Beaverbrook when Privy Seal. Went to France with Advanced Striking Force in 1939, later joined U.S. Air Force as co-pilot and air-gunner.

CAROLINE CHISHOLM . . .

HER initial move was to interview the Governor, Sir George Gipps, and try to enlist his sympathy and aid. Sir George, however, did nothing but pour cold water on her plans, though he lived to eat his words and acknowledge her splendid service to the colony. He condescended at this period to allow her to use an old ramshackle woolshed in which to house her young women, provided the Government was guaranteed against any possible expense!

Her first night in the shed was spent fending off the attentions of innumerable rats; at one stage three of them alighted on her shoulders from the rafters above.

Her woolshed was soon full to overcrowding with homeless people, and many were living in tents pitched near it. She set up an employment registry in part of it, and with her "divine commonsense" and her businesslike instincts to guide her, she soon created an organisation that was not only supremely efficient, but human.

Contracts for workers

A FEW months after she began her work she was able to report that more than 700 young girls had been settled in suitable positions, half of them in the country.

She drew up contracts of employment for each of her applicants, giving a copy to the employer, another to the worker, and filing one herself, and so meticulously were they drawn up that only a handful of the thousands of contracts were ever challenged, and even those cases were settled amicably.

She formed committees in country towns to advise her of suitable vacancies for her migrants, and she collected subscriptions from the general public, who were roused to enthusiasm by the Press of the time. Her correspondence itself must have constituted a superhuman task in those days of difficult communications, no telephones, and no typewriters.

Not only did she do all this immense labor of office work, battle with private and official prejudice,

Continued from page 18

interview prospective masters and mistresses, and send out circulars, but she frequently had to take her girls up-country herself because of their terror at stories they had heard of blacks and bushrangers.

Mrs. Chisholm's journeys became legendary. She was to be seen on the most unexpected tracks riding on the top of loaded drays, surrounded by "young females," or on horseback at the head of the column.

Once she journeyed 300 miles into the interior to deliver her charges. Another time she was seen on the Goulburn Road early one summer morning, perched on top of a bale of provisions on a dray, with 12 or

matrons nearby. She left nature to do the rest, and nature rarely let her down.

Her own accounts of her difficulties in placing some of her migrants in suitable jobs make amusing and charming reading.

There was the man who would not "mind taking a position as head superintendent"; and another who could not work very hard because he was suffering from a "complication"; there was the girl who was so beautiful that for a long time all the prospective employers with whom she could have been trusted were afraid to engage her; there was another girl, "Little Scrub," who was so ugly no one wanted her.

Here is the old lady who at last engaged the Beauty; she is speaking to Mrs. Chisholm, who has written down her conversation: "Do you see," says I, "if any gal would keep a man at home, it would be the creature I saw this morning. Now, says I, though my son Jack's not taken to drink, yet he's . . . for going to every horse-race he hears of, and I expect, sometime, he'll make a foolish match . . . Now, I think, if I take—home, she'll tempt him to stay at home; and then, when I see he's taken . . . the clergyman shall settle everything."

"Little Scrub's" appointment was even more of a surprise to Mrs. Chisholm, for the employer was fastidious. But she said to Mrs. Chisholm, with mournful gravity, "Ah 'tis safe to have something a little repulsive!"

In 1845 Captain Chisholm came back to Australia, and when he saw how sound a footing his wife's work was on, he advised her that the cause would be better advanced at the British end. The family packed up, therefore, and returned to London, where Mrs. Chisholm applied herself tooth and nail to the task of reuniting separated families, and founding her Family Colonisation Loan Society.

She pestered the authorities until they took up the cause of the broken-up families; she founded an inquiry office for intending migrants and got her Loan Society on to a firm basis;



she fought the ship-owners until shipboard conditions were improved, and she finally saw the day when the Colonisation Society was able to charter and fit out its own special ship, the *Slains Castle*. Captain Chisholm became the society's honorary secretary and returned to Australia in 1851 to carry on its work at this end.

Grant of money

IN 1852, the New South Wales Council voted £10,000 towards the funds of the society, while in England its management was taken over by Lord Shaftesbury, Sydney Herbert, and other public-spirited men.

Mrs. Chisholm was able to rejoin her husband in 1854, and, with most of her work for the migrants now accomplished, she turned her attention to the grievances of the miners on the goldfields in Victoria and their hunger for a little bit of land and a home.

Her economics was simple; the land, she knew, was the basis of a nation's wealth, just as a contented family was the basis of its strength; and she continued to urge the authorities, in letters, pamphlets, and in person, to enable every deserving man to have a "stake in the country."

But her health had reached breaking-point and she was forced to re-

tire from public life for a while. When she recovered, she moved with her husband and the younger children from Victoria to Sydney, where all kinds of private trials overtook her.

Her health was poor, her second son died in Melbourne, and the family finances were very low. To help out, she founded a school, first at Newtown and then at Tempe, but in 1866 went back to England, where she was granted a small civil pension in recognition of her great services to the colony. After ten years or so of comparative peace, she died at Waltham Green on March 25, 1877. Her husband died a few months later.

Caroline Chisholm's force of character and charm of personality are reflected in her portraits. The face that looks out of them is a strong, yet gentle countenance, with large, beautiful, candid eyes, the kind of eyes that could penetrate pretence and compel honesty. The forehead is high and broad, betokening great intelligence, the mouth and nose delicately carved, but well defined, the expression kindly, generous, and touched with humor.

It is the face of a great and good woman, and few greater women have been connected with this country; the wonder is that her name is not as much of a household word in our land as that of Elizabeth Fry, or Florence Nightingale.

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Look for the Bond's Tru-Size label. It's your guarantee of perfect fit because it means that every Bond's garment is true-to-size.

Bond's Tru-Size underwear for children.
Available at all leading stores.

Broadcasts by television pioneers

Television pioneers, and successful husband-and-wife variety team, Nan Kenway and Douglas Young, who are visiting Australia, took part in a farewell television series with the B.B.C. before leaving London.

It is 24 years since Nan Kenway left Australia, and this is her first visit home. Under her real name, Helen McCartney, she had already won distinction in the world of music before she left here.

SHE was an Associate of the British College of Music by the time she was 12, and had won 100 gold medals in various parts of Australia before she left to study at the Royal College of Music in London under the £100 Beale scholarship.

But instead of continuing her music studies immediately, she joined an English seaside concert party, where she met her husband—and her career was decided once and for all.



VARIETY TEAM. Nan Kenway, a former Sydney girl, and her husband, Douglas Young, who are a successful variety team.

"We teamed up in professional and private life, and we haven't once regretted it," Mrs. Young says.

Billed as "Kenway and Young," the two have a smooth repertoire of character and sophisticated comedy sketches which go over well in vaudeville, radio, or television.

"Doug sings, too. He has a nice baritone, and he writes all our ma-

terial while I merely scream advice," Nan Kenway said.

As far back as 1935 the pair appeared in the first television transmissions carried out by the inventor, John Baird.

"Make-up for television was fantastic in those days, almost a clown make-up, plus George Robey eyebrows, and, to finish it off, a white streak down the centre of the nose," said Douglas Young.

The Youngs are enthusiastic about television appearances. They say it is a wonderful thrill to play to an audience numbering roughly one million, and they describe the reception of sound in television transmissions as unbelievably clear, as compared with normal radio reception.

Kenway and Young have come here to fulfil a six-months' broadcasting contract with the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

During the war the Youngs put their only child, son Hilary, who is now 14, at a boarding school, and devoted most of their time to entertaining troops.

Optimistic about use of bomb

After attending the General Assembly of the United Nations, the Rev. Dr. R. Wilson Macaulay, of Melbourne, is convinced that the atom bomb will never be used again.

"I think the present deadlock on atomic energy discussions will be resolved," said Dr. Macaulay, who attended the General Assembly as special adviser to the Australian Delegation.

BOTH the Western and Soviet-controlled nations are so frightened of atomic results they will go on negotiating behind the scenes until they reach some agreement.

"The United Nations President, General Carlos Romulo, seems to have a good grip of the situation and is determined to break the deadlock."

Dr. Macaulay described the leader of the Soviet Delegation, Andre Vishinsky, as a "silver-haired, genial-looking man with a clever command of words and a quick sense of repartee."

"He seems to be convinced that the United States is out to smash Russia, while American delegates have the opposite conviction. The smaller nations may bring them together and South America is doing its utmost in that direction."

Dr. Macaulay said that when a South American delegate stated during a session that his Republic and other nations doubted the sincerity of anything Russia said Vishinsky was on his feet in a flash, pointed out that the particular delegate belonged to a large Christian community and then declared: "There is a previous case in history when a man refused to believe until he actually saw the evidence. It appears that Doubting Thomas' are still in existence in the world."

Benjamin Cohen and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, leaders of the U.S. Delegation, impressed Dr. Macaulay with their obvious sincerity.



SPECIAL ADVISER at U.N. Assembly, the Rev. Dr. R. Wilson Macaulay, of Melbourne.

"Benjamin Cohen doesn't try bullying tactics but has a plaintive, persuasive manner wholly directed towards maintaining world peace," he said.

The provocative maiden speech of a young Soviet delegate brought out a stern maternal instinct in Mrs. Roosevelt, who spoke to him as though he were one of her children caught stealing jam or telling an untruth.

"After he had made a bitter speech to the effect that the United States was planning a cold-blooded, imperialistic war to smash the Soviet, Mrs. Roosevelt talked like a mother to a naughty small boy and dressed him down properly," said Dr. Macaulay.

"He turned scarlet as the speech was translated to him."

First and main job for Dr. Macaulay at U.N.O. was to watch and advise the Australian Delegation on the Christian view of the treatment of Cardinal Mindszenty and 18 Protestant pastors who have been imprisoned in Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania.

The Australian motion, that the three countries concerned should be summoned to explain their actions in breaking the Peace Treaty and the Charter of Human Rights, was defeated.

Exciting tour

AFTER shows in the Orkney and Shetland Islands they joined Leslie Henson's famous Gaieties concert party and toured the Middle East battle areas.

Their most exciting trip was to Burma, where they hitch-hiked by air through the jungle visiting outposts with their portable amplifying set and an upright piano which they transported in a crate.

On this trip they crossed the Irrawaddy on a raft, complete with piano and outboard motors, the first civilians to follow the troops to within four miles of the Japs. Nan Kenway was the only white woman for hundreds of miles.

She was glad of her ability to dress and set her own hair.

"It was far too steamy in the jungle for the sun to dry it, so I had to bake myself over a charcoal brazier. It did seem a silly pastime so close to the battle front, but it was necessary to my morale."

The Youngs' peregrinations during the war have made them a "must" chapter in quite a few autobiographies.

They are included in Naomi Jacobs' book, "Me and the Mediterranean," and such a slice of Leslie Henson's autobiography "Yours Faithfully" is devoted to them that B. C. Hilliam, of Flotsam and Jetsam fame, commented that it was actually Kenway and Young's biography with Henson creeping in only occasionally.

Mr. Hilliam's biography, "Flotsam's Follies," includes some anecdotes about Kenway and Young, and Wee Georgie Wood brings them into his story "It Had to be We."

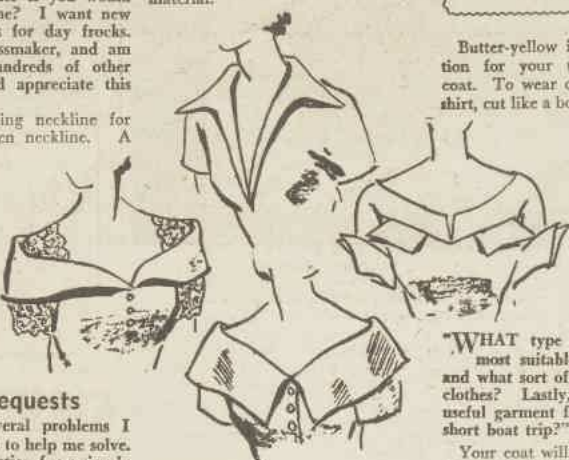
Dress Sense by Betty Keep

CURRENT success necklines are wide and low or plunging and low, and often they have revers or pushed-up collars.

New necklines

"SOME time back you published, for a reader, three different types of necklines for formal evening wear. I wonder if you would do the same for me? I want new ideas for necklines for day frocks. I am a home dressmaker, and am sure there are hundreds of other women who would appreciate this service."

The newest-looking neckline for summer is the open neckline. A cuffed neckline, a wide-to-the-shoulder line, a low, rounded neckline with turned-down points, and a plunging V with butterfly revers are all popular. A representative group of current designs are sketched here.



Three requests

"THERE are several problems I would like you to help me solve. The first is a suggestion for a simply made beach wrap. Secondly, I would like an idea for a smart hat for an evening wedding in the autumn, and my last request is a renovation. I have a dress with a V neckline, and find it too plain to be becoming. I have some material (crepe) left over from the dress."

Make yourself a Turkish towelling beach shawl. The size will depend on your own figure proportions. You could make it in white and dye it to the exact shade you fancy. Turkish

towelling is very easily dyed. Or you might prefer to keep it white. White this summer is excellent on the beach. A tiny helmet-shaped hat worn to show about as much hair as a bathing cap would be smart for an autumn wedding. Have the hat in velvet outlined in a very narrow band of sequin and pearl embroidery. Soften the neckline of your crepe dress with a cuff of self material.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Butter-yellow is my color suggestion for your three-quarter-length coat. To wear over shorts, a white shirt, cut like a boy's in starchy white pique, looks very new. The shirt tails can be worn tucked in or worn out. When they are out the shirt sits like a well-tailored jacket.

Cruise clothes

"WHAT type of coat would be most suitable on a cruise trip, and what sort of handbag for beach clothes? Lastly, what is the most useful garment for setting out on a short boat trip?"

Your coat will be best made light in color and light in weight. Have the coat designed to fall full from a rounded shoulder-line and with a dispensable belt. Have the coat in oatmeal wool and the belt in tan pigskin. A straw carry-all piped and strapped with black patent leather or white kid would be the perfect bag for beach and resort clothes. A classic suit made in gun-metal-grey sharkskin with a straight skirt and double-breasted jacket is ideal for setting out on a short cruise.

CURRENT NECKLINES are all low. Some are wide, some plunging.

Teenage summer

"AS a teenage reader of 'Dress Sense' I would like a little fashion advice about summer clothes. I want some type of top to wear with shorts—not a bare one—and also a color for a three-quarter-length sports coat to go mostly over light colors."

Fashion FROCKS

"HANNAH."—One-piece dress with a prettily draped neckline and full skirt. The material is an American Roller print crepe in turquoise and black, brick-red and black, royal-blue and black, and lime and black on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 63/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 46/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 49/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

"PRUDENCE."—Attractive sun-top and tailored shorts. The material is a striped rayon linen in green and white, blue and white, red and white, and brown and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 32/3. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 22/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

"NINON."—A tailored shirtmaker dress in a rayon spun linen-like fabric. Colors obtainable are white, pink, turquoise, lemon, pale blue, and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 45/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 48/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 32/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 34/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

N.B. Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.
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N.Z.: Box 4088 W. G.P.O., Sydney.
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A BOXER WHO DISLIKED BOXING

A.M. for December brings you the story of the Kemps—of their brief married life together—of Archie's death and Mrs. Kemp's plans for her son's future. This is a story with an appeal both to men and women.

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BACKACHE
KIDNEY
PILLS

Page 50

Ronald Colman back in new comedy

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Two years ago British-born Ronald Colman, now one of Hollywood's most distinguished actors, capped his movie career when he stepped up before the star-studded audience and received a gold Oscar for his performance in "A Double Life."

Then, without explanation or comment, to the amazement of the film colony, he quietly said, "No more work."

HOLLYWOOD highbrows who sat in the swank clubs and coffee shops theorised that Colman couldn't get his accustomed 175,000 dollars per film. So he was through.

This was not true. Colman estimates he rejected about 35 movie offers during his two years' absence, and not one of them was to his liking until one day an independent producer, Harry Popkin, drove to Colman's home and put into his hands a mimeographed script of a comedy called "Champagne for Caesar."

Now, Ronald Colman has always been a freelance actor, and Harry Popkin had observed the growing number of agents and executives who each week emerged from the Colman home with empty hands and downcast eyes. He had conferred with them and learned something of what Colman had in mind as a returning screen vehicle.

So Harry Popkin secured "Champagne for Caesar" with Colman in mind. And Colman accepted.

And that is how the somewhat psychopathic matinee idol of "A Double Life" became Beauregard Bottomley of "Champagne for Caesar," an intelligent and distinguished quiz-show contestant. He starts with one dollar, and, by answering questions, runs his fortune up to 43 million dollars before he is stopped when asked his own social-security number.

Celeste Holm, herself an Academy Award winner the same year as Colman for her supporting performance in "Gentleman's Agreement," has the feminine lead opposite Colman, and Vincent Price plays the frantic show sponsor.

What happened to Ronald Colman in those two intervening years? "Well," he says, "I rested, travelled, appeared on occasional radio programmes... and rejected movie scripts."

But mostly he just relaxed on his 500-acre ranch with his wife and daughter, Juliet Benita, who is now five years old.

"I wasn't completely out of touch with Hollywood," Colman said to me with an air of admonishment. "You would be surprised; on certain week-ends I believe there were more personalities on my ranch than there were in Hollywood proper."

To be sure, Colman's rambling retreat, 100 miles north of Hollywood, near the ocean city of Santa Barbara, was built in the late 1930's as a place of rest not only for the owner, but for his fellow actors as well. Driving north from Hollywood through the mountains will lead you to the place.

There are 30 small cottages neatly spaced about the palm-studded grounds, and at various times during the past two years many of Colman's Hollywood friends were visitors.

Clark Gable, Herbert Marshall, Ginger Rogers, Jack Benny, Angela Lansbury, and Charles Laughton were occupants of the quaint homes



RONALD COLMAN, as the hero of a radio quiz show, is nursed by his sister, played by Barbara Britton, with next-door neighbor Byron Foulger looking on in this scene from Colman's first picture in two years, "Champagne for Caesar."

only last summer, and some of them helped persuade their host to break his two-year absence and make a comeback to the sound stages.

"It was a hard choice," says Colman. "One can really enjoy oneself on my ranch."

Hollywood stars were not the only visitors to the ranch, however. Agents and even studio moguls were frequent week-end callers, although they were there for a different reason. They were trying to persuade him to return to the screen, saying that he was facing the possibility of a loss of popularity.

"You must give your fans an occasional look at yourself," they said, "if you wish to keep your status."

But Colman knew better. The agents wouldn't keep coming, he reasoned, unless he was still popular.

"There were others with whom I was extremely unpopular," he says with characteristic ease. He refers to the members of the corps of Hollywood reporters who each year select the most and least co-operative stars. Colman drew their unanimous nomination as the least co-operative actor of the year. Unperturbed, he

the eight long miles between the two towns just to see an actor's agent whose name he had secured.

The agent didn't want to be bothered with him. Ronald Colman? Who was he? So the dejected young actor walked the eight miles back to his Los Angeles hotel room. Soon after, however, he joined a touring stage company and was spotted by movie director Henry King and signed for "The White Sister," with Lillian Gish. The picture made him a star.

Colman shortly became the romantic hero of the silver screen, replacing the dead Valentino and John Gilbert. The screen sirens of the early 1920's looked upon him as the ideal prospective husband, too. He was suave, handsome, and still a bachelor. Or so they thought then. They made him the most-invited party guest, but unfortunately Colman never accepted. He preferred to live alone with his six dogs, and paid little attention to Hollywood.

This went on for nearly a decade. But in 1934, Hollywood learned from London that Colman was being divorced from his wife, Thelma Raye. He had been separated from her ever since coming to the U.S. Indeed, this was a blow to the Hollywood females.

But it seemed not to bother Colman at all.

A few years later the actor met an English girl, Benita Hume, whose name burst upon the Hollywood scene when she rebelled against the plans of M.G.M. to have her do a close-up with a chimpanzee.

The young actress said she was scared of the beast, and wouldn't put her arms around it, salary or no. This independence apparently appealed to Colman, for he began seeing her, and in 1938 they were quietly married by a police judge at Santa Barbara.

Ronald Colman is enthusiastic about "Champagne for Caesar."

"I came to the conclusion while I was working in that picture," he says, his brown eyes warm with sincerity, "why should I retire again? I truly like to make pictures, but not too often. So I think I'll play the game out. Unless, of course, I start getting old."

When that happens, Ronald Colman, now 56 years old, will quietly place protective white sheets over the furniture in his Beverly Hills home, pack his wife, Benita, and young Juliet into the family station-wagon, and adjourn to his ranch in the mountains near Santa Barbara and the ocean. Then, he says, he will post a huge sign at the entrance gates.

It will read: "No trespassing. This means you."



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Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Millionairess LOLA LEEDS sends Larry to Hollywood, where producer SAM HILL hires horror actors to scare Larry. Larry hides in a suit of armor, is pushed into a pool, frees himself and places a helium balloon in the suit which floats up. A thief's bullet punctures it, and the suit collapses and knocks him out.



As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your good dates are December 7 to 9. Excellent for sea or air travel, adventure, enriching the mind, correspondence and publishing. Ignore attempted interference or setbacks during December 10 and 11.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Good luck can be expected until December 9, then conditions become unfavorable for risky ventures. Heavy expenses or disappointments mar the week-end, especially on December 11.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Opportunity comes for romance, marriage or personal favor this week. Best dates December 7, 9, and 13. Don't expect much headway from December 10 to 12. Delays, sickness or home situations prove troublesome.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): An improvement in health and in working conditions promises towards December 9. The rest of week is hampering and unproductive. Guard health and try to avoid chills and colds.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Good luck of a surprising kind may come your way from December 7 to 9. Then watch out, as disappointments, delays, or restrictions are apt to depress you. Handle all investments and heart affairs with extra care.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Choose December 7, 9, and 13 for important moves. There could be some worry or disappointment in regard to outings, relatives, or home affairs during the week-end. Take extra care to avoid accidents and mishaps.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your affairs will centre on relatives and study just now. Enjoy yourself during December 7, 8, and 9, as your stars indicate the possibility of some petty worries or anxieties nearing December 11.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A slight boom may occur in your money affairs if you grasp opportunities wisely from December 7 to 9. However, do nothing of importance over the week-end, as December 10 and 11 are not your lucky days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): This week opens with many benefits in your personal life. December 7, 9, and 13 are good, but any major activity during December 11 is unlikely to have a good outcome.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): A rather mixed week, starting well and becoming clouded by delay towards December 12. Get all important matters finalised on Friday, December 9, a really good day.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): From December 7 for three days your prospects are very bright, especially where your social and love life are concerned. Watch carefully that no hitch is allowed to interfere with Sunday, December 11.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): December 9 is your most important day this week. A new field of opportunity opens in your business life or where your strongest desires are centred.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ ★ **Dear Wife**
"DEAR WIFE" is a charming successor to "Dear Ruth," that amiable family comedy of a few seasons ago.

Here Paramount introduces the same characters and uses identical backgrounds, though the wartime flavor of the original is replaced with the postwar picture, and shows ex-G.I. William Holden occupying the bank job previously held by Ruth (Joan Caulfield), now his wife.

The housing shortage is responsible for the young marrieds living in the comfortable home of Ruth's parents, the long-suffering Judge Wilkens and his wife.

This automatically brings them within the range of trouble instigated by that adolescent terror, Miriam (Mona Freeman), and trouble really sets in when she dominates Ruth's innocent husband to oppose his father-in-law on a political issue.

It is a pleasure to watch Edward Arnold's smooth, polished performance as the girls' sorely tried father. There is a relish and zest to his acting that denotes pleasure in the job.

Those who enjoyed Billy de Wolfe's clowning as Albert Kummer on the first occasion will do so again, although he has to work harder for laughs this time and they come less spontaneously. He is still Ruth's faithful, prissy admirer, and his efforts to be helpful in the family crisis meet with doubtful success.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★ Tulsa

EAGLE-LION offers a fiery melodrama of the early days of Oklahoma's oil fields, and the efforts that far-sighted citizens made for conservation of the rich cattle country being despoiled by money-hungry wildcatters.

As Cherokee Lansing, Susan Hayward's titian hair flames in brightest technicolor. From herding the range cattle as a carefree girl, she changes into an ambitious oil queen with no thought for others.

Robert Preston plays the quick-tempered, adventurous geologist, Brad Brady, who finally tames the tempestuous Cherokee, and brings her to realise the necessity for conserving natural resources.

That fine Mexican actor, Pedro Armendariz, who we remember for his work in "The Fugitive," has the role of Jim Redbird, a gentleman redskin. Unfortunately, he has little chance to contribute to the action.

The story is told partly in narrative by Chill Wills, who sings and



SWIM-STAR ESTHER WILLIAMS and her husband, Ben Gage, examine some of the steaks prepared by their chef on the opening night of "The Tails," the new restaurant launched by the famous couple along the Sunset Strip. The club is a big success.

philosophises his way to the climax, after the style of the late Will Rogers.

In Sydney—the State.

★ April Showers

WARNER BROS' film takes the audience backstage during the 1900's to follow the fortunes of a rather indifferent husband-and-wife hoofing team, which shoots to fame when their small son deserts school and joins the act.

Jack Carson, Ann Sothern, and small Robert Ellis are the trio who reach the big-time in California, but miss Broadway, due to a law forbidding employment of a child under 16.

From here on there is nothing much that is new in "April Showers." Father takes to drink, and mother and son make another start, in the less inhibited West, until they are all brought together in the finale.

There are several "Memory Lane" types of songs in the film as well as some new numbers. Ann Sothern is in pleasant voice, and Jack Carson does some creditable dance routines.

The boy is too precocious.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

★ The Plunderers

THIS Republic story of the army officer who has himself outlawed in order to track

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★ ★ ★ Excellent
★ ★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

down a bunch of trail thieves is routine Western material.

Long, rangy Rod Cameron is the hero of this technicolor opus, and the setting for the gang hunt is in the picturesque 1870's.

The action moves from town to trail, and ends up behind stockades when Red Cloud and his Sioux braves sweep down from the north behind a barrage of withering rifle fire and flaming arrows.

The picture is an uneasy mixture of rough Western justice and manners, overlaid with a veneer of culture. Blonde Ilona Massey is responsible for several songs, but the European singer is out of her element in the gilded dancehall setting, and the technicolor is not kind to her.

In Sydney—the Lyceum.

Anna Lucasta

WHEN Philip Yordan's play, "Anna Lucasta," hit Broadway with an all-negro cast, it was acclaimed as "emotional dynamite."

In the Security Pictures film version the author has changed the characters back to Poles, as in the original story, but the presentation is neither emotional nor dynamic, and fizzles out hopelessly.

The bickering, unpleasant family, living in shabby conditions, is dominated by a brutish son-in-law, played by Broderick Crawford. They leap at the chance of making a dishonest 4000 dollars when an old friend of the drunken father sends his son to visit them, and, as part of the plan to separate the boy from his money, they marry him off to the dubious daughter, Anna (Paulette Goddard).

There are various interludes of drunkenness, Freudian emotion, and some humor, but the whole thing only serves to show how sadly a powerful play or book can fare when transmitted to the screen indifferently.

Oscar Homolka, Gale Page, and William Bishop are cast members. In Sydney—the Century.



WHEN young Joan Evans was recently introduced to the Press, Joan Crawford, her sponsor, and producer Samuel Goldwyn were there to see that all went smoothly. As a new discovery of the Goldwyn studio, Joan is being groomed for stardom.

The Forsyte Saga



AGAINST the background of London society from 1880 onwards, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have filmed in technicolor John Galsworthy's famous novel, "The Forsyte Saga," a realistic and penetrating study of a moneyed family.

Greer Garson, Errol Flynn, Walter Pidgeon, and Robert Young play the four starring roles.

As Irene, Greer marries into the fabulous Forsyte family. Purse-proud, domineering, and feudal, they make life a burden for the newcomer from the beginning.

Irene's efficient, coldly cruel husband, Soames, is played by Errol Flynn.

The easy-going, almost indifferent bystander, through whose eyes the story is unfolded, is portrayed by Walter Pidgeon, in the part of Young Jolyon Forsyte, outcast son of the family, and a painter, who brings Irene some comfort and quiet sympathy in her constant undercover battle with her in-laws.

Unhappy in their marriage, Irene and Soames are estranged, and Irene becomes involved in a tragic romance with Phillip Bosinney, played by Robert Young, who is the fiancé of June Forsyte, and a struggling architect.

After several years, with Soames completely out of her life, Irene finds new peace and happiness with Young Jolyon Forsyte.

Heading the long list of supporting players in the cast, Janet Leigh plays June Forsyte, day-dreaming young romanticist, who falls in love with a man many years her senior, and whose unrequited love ends in tragedy, despite the efforts of Irene.

As members of a family, twelve of the leading male supports have to bear a resemblance. They include Harry Davenport, Billy Bevan, Lumsden Hare, Halliwell Hobbes, Stanley Logan, Aubrey Mather, Matt Moore, Gerald Oliver Smith, and Morgan Farley.

● Greer Garson (Irene Forsyte) and Robert Young (Phillip Bosinney) in a tense scene from "The Forsyte Saga." As the struggling young architect, and fiancé of June Forsyte, he falls madly in love with Irene, who rejects him out of loyalty to June.



● Forsyte clan gathers en masse to pass judgment on Irene Heronford (Greer Garson), soon to be presented to them by Soames Forsyte (Errol Flynn) as his wife. June Forsyte (Janet Leigh), far right, tries to get assorted uncles, cousins, and aunts in good humor for the ordeal.





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1 **MUTUAL** dislike is shown by interpreter Lieut. Catherine Gates (Ann Sheridan) and Capt. Henri Rochard (Cary Grant).

I Was a Male War Bride

THIS 20th Century-Fox comedy romance is the story of a French Army officer who marries his interpreter, an American W.A.C. lieutenant.

Before they have finished their wedding supper, however, his wife is ordered back to duty, her unit being instructed to embark for the United States immediately. But how does the groom get there?

The Consul suggests he enter as the alien spouse of female personnel, and in this way Henri becomes a full-fledged "male war bride."

The two stars are Cary Grant, as the bridegroom, and Ann Sheridan, his bride.



2 **ORDERS** direct them to Bad Nauheim to persuade the world's best lens grinder it is best not to stock black market.



3 **MISHAPS** en route get them to Bad Nauheim in rain and bad tempered. In error, Henri is locked in Catherine's room.

4 **DISGUISED**, Henri searches for lens grinder, is arrested and gaoled by police, and Catherine refuses identification.



5 **AFTER** Catherine arranges Henri's release she locates lens grinder through a military friend, completes mission alone. On drive back to H.Q., pair discover mutual love, and Henri's proposal is accepted.

6 **THOUSANDS** of yards of red tape further on, Army approves, and in three ceremonies they become man and wife, but Catherine is recalled when unit sails home.



7 **PERSUADED** to enter America as alien spouse of female military personnel, Henri disguises as W.A.C. to facilitate transport and allow them to board the ship together, but drafted to assist in sick-bay his make-up is no good and he is discovered.

8 **OFFERED** berth with officers Henri prefers small room he is in with Catherine, and throws the door key through porthole.

Knight

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Linda Darnell

20th Century-Fox star of
"Slattery's Hurricane"

Give your complexion the same luxurious care as Linda Darnell... daily facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap's famous beauty lather. "I work Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather in gently but thoroughly," says Linda. "Then I rinse with warm water, splash with cold — pat gently to dry with a soft towel. You'll find gentle active lather facials give skin fresh new beauty that wins romance."

**The Bath and
Complexion Care of
9 out of every 10
Film Stars**



SPICY date
whirls are pic-
tured above.
They look good
and taste better.
Grand for after-
noon tea, excel-
lent for the lunch-
box, and so whole-
some for the chil-
dren. See recipe
in our new cook-
ery book, "Family
Dinners," now on
sale. It costs only
2/- and you can
buy it at any
newsagent or
bookseller.



RECIPES for all kinds of super home-made sweets are to be found in "Family Dinners." Get it now and make some for Christmas gift-giving. Recipes for all of the delicious varieties pictured above—and hundreds of other grand recipes—are given in this new and versatile cookery book.



FLAUNT THIS SEQUINED SCARF... It will be lovely thrown softly over bare shoulders at Christmas parties, or tied demurely under the chin, keeping the wind out of your hair.

For Yuletide parties

SEQUINS or multi-colored beads would look equally charming sewn on the dainty scarf pictured above. Pick your most complimentary color for the scarf: A pastel for blondes, turquoise for redheads, coral for brunettes.

EVENING SCARF

Materials: 33in. square georgette, chiffon, organdie, or fine muslin; 14yds. of a double row of sequins or 3yds. of a single row of sequins; Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton to match material.

Sewing Directions: Roll hem round all edges.

Trace large circle on to each corner 10in. in from corner and 7in.

from each side, then trace small circle within, making sure it is placed in the centre so that the distance between the large and small circle is even all round.

To get a regular outline for the large circle, make a circle 34in. in diameter, using a compass, then cut out carefully or use any circular object that size... a coffee saucer or a large breakfast cup would suffice. Now make a small circle 2in. in diameter if there is not a coffee cup or some household article the appropriate size.

Sew on sequins with a back stitch, on outer circle; sequins are going in the opposite direction to inner circle, and the centre four sequins going in the same direction as outer circle.

Perfect present

PACKED from cover to cover with delightful menus and recipes, "Family Dinners," The Australian Women's Weekly new cookery book, is now on sale at all newsagents and booksellers for only 2/-.

In addition to the fifty family dinners which won prizes in our £3000 Cookery Contest, this ideal gift book contains a Christmas Day menu and all kinds of dishes for the festive season, consolation prize-winning recipes, hints on vegetable cookery, outdoor meals, recipes for delicious savories, omelets, fish dishes, chocolate cakes, cookies, chiflon pies, and luscious home-made sweets.

Send "Family Dinners" to all your friends. It's the gift of the year. Price 2/- from any newsagent or bookseller.



DAINTY and decorative home-made cookies make such welcome Christmas and New Year gifts if wrapped in festive paper and boxed prettily. You'll find a score of the most delicious recipes for cookies in "Family Dinners," The Australian Women's Weekly ideal gift cookery book, now on sale for 2/-.



DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE with peppermint frosting and smothered in melted chocolate is a luscious confection which anyone can make with success. Simply follow the recipe given in the New Ideas section of "Family Dinners," price 2/-, Secure your copy now from your newsagent or bookseller.

Charming as well as useful gift

THE guest-towel pictured below with its dainty edging and insert can be made easily and quickly by the crochet enthusiast.

The material for the towel can be of linen or huckaback—in white or a pretty pastel.

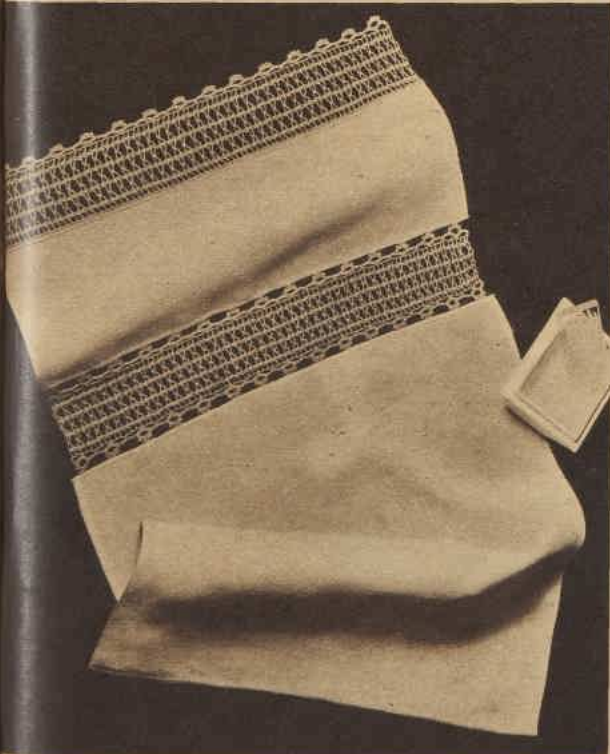
Material: Coats' chain mercer-crochet, No. 40, 1 ball or 2 balls (10

gram) selected color; ½ yd. of huckaback or linen to match; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook and tight workers a No. 3½).

Tension: 6 rows equal lin.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

Edging: Commence with 42 ch.



THIS CLOSE-UP of the guest-towel gives a clear picture of the pretty crochet edging and insert. A set of three would make a lovely gift for the bride-to-be. Or you could make two or three for use in your own bathroom. Complete directions for making the towel are given on this page.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 10th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into next ch., * 4 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 4 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch.; rep. from * twice more, 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 6 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., * 7 ch., miss 4 ch., 1 d.c. and 4 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr.; rep. from * twice more, 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 6 ch., turn.

3rd Row: Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., * 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th of 7 ch., 4 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr.; rep. from * twice more, 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 6 ch., turn.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until piece measures 14½ in. (37 cm.) ending with 2nd row, omitting turning ch. on last row. Fasten off.

HEADING

1st Row: Join thread in first of foundation ch. and work along row-ends as follows: * 7 ch., miss 2 row-ends, 1 d.c. into same place as tr. of next row-end; rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * 9 d.c. into next loop, 5 d.c. into next loop, 7 ch., remove hook from loop, insert hook into 5th of 9 d.c. and pull loop through into loop just made, work (2 d.c., 4 ch.) 4 times and 2 d.c., 4 d.c. into uncompleted loop; rep. from * to end of row.

Insertion: Work same as edging and work heading on both sides of edging. Withdraw a thread ½ in. from edge of huckaback, lay a small hem and work a row of d.c. over hem, working into space of drawn thread.

Finish other end of towel in same manner.

Over cast straight end of edging to one d.c. end.

Measure up 5 in. from d.c. of towel end with edging attached and withdraw a thread; cut huckaback at drawn thread. Lay a small hem on wrong side and slip-stitch. Sew divided parts of towel to each side of insertion. Damp and press.

Perfect Christmas Gifts

... in exquisite taste

Something beautiful, something useful, something really wanted... that is the perfect gift, and that is why you choose exclusive Prestige Lingerie or hosiery for those you most wish to delight... You know that a gift of exclusive Prestige Lingerie or Hosiery conveys perfectly your personal thought and good taste...



Also makers of exclusive Fabrics...

All genuine Prestige products are branded Prestige



HOUSEGOWN BY ACOORN

5MB

Wise girl to choose 'Moygashel' for housewear. Cool, crease-resisting 'Moygashel' that retains that 'new-look' after countless washings. 'Moygashel', too, for day and sportswear.

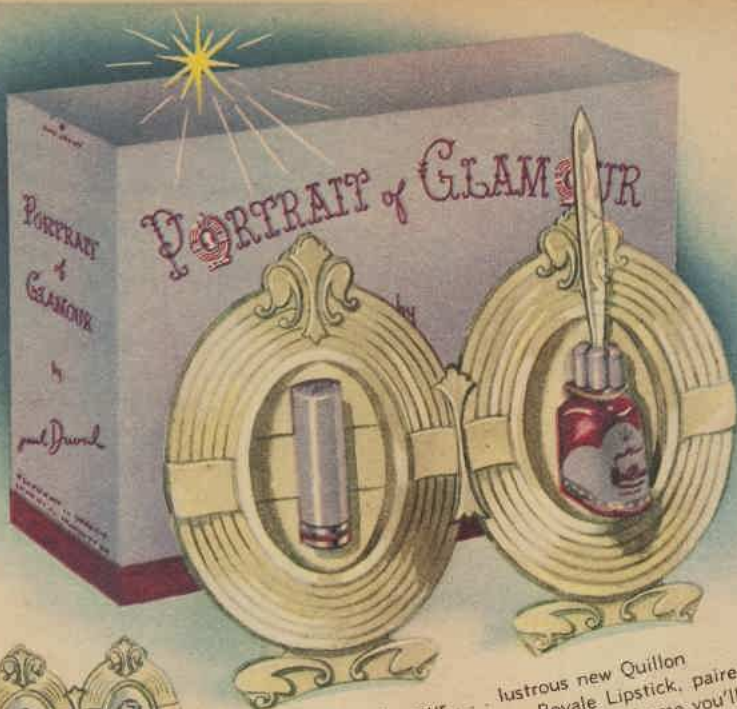
Made by Stevenson & Son Ltd., Regent St., London and Dungannon, Northern Ireland.

AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVES: H. W. PEVAN & CO. PTY. LTD., SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE.

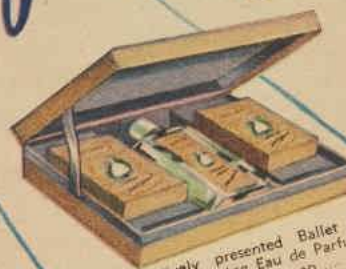
Wish on a Star

BETTER VALUE GIFTS

by
paul Duval



Portrait of Glamour... lustrous new Quillon Nail Enamel and matching Bleu Royale Lipstick, paired for beauty in a twin-type miniature ivory frame you'll love to use later for cherished photographs. 13/6.



Attractively presented Ballet Russe Casket containing Eau de Parfum and two tablets fine toilet soap 9/6



A lovely lady's choice! Paul Duval Dusting Powder with exquisite Fleur de Lis fragrance. Big fluffy puff. 6/6.



Fleur de Lis perfumed Bath Crystals to add a touch of luxury to the bath. Large size 5/11; small 3/11



Paul Duval Talcum, Fleur de Lis perfumed, soothing to the most sensitive skin. Sprinkler-top. 3/11



Paul Duval Soap Casket, containing three tablets of fine quality, fragrantly perfumed complexion soap. A delightful gift 5/3



Exquisite Travellette Beauty Case in genuine calf, crocodile or hogskin finish. Equipped with Paul Duval manicure and beauty aids 94/6



Baronova Dusting Powder, supertine quality, delicately perfumed, soothing to the skin. Complete with puff 3/11



Complete Zippered Travellette Manicure Set in genuine calf, with crocodile or hogskin finish. Contains full manicure kit for 50/-



A really attractive gift chest of Bleu Royale Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder, Almond Milk Base, Nourishing Cream. Specially priced at only 21/3



Handsome Cosmetour Overnight Beauty Case in genuine calf, crocodile or hogskin finish. Fitted with complete kit of Paul Duval beauty aids 9 gns.



Every woman will want this new Quillon Manicure Kit. In genuine calf, crocodile or tan calf finish. A "Wish-on-a-Star" gift for only 79/6

DXWW2

paul Duval
PERSONALISED COSMETICS

PAUL DUVAL SALON, P3-5 HER MAJESTY'S ARCADE, SYDNEY . . . AND AT ALL CHEMISTS AND EXCLUSIVE STORES



Sun, winds, dust and salt play havoc with your hair... you need the magic reconditioning of Richard Hudnut's new Creme Rinse. Used after each shampoo, it makes hair softer, easier to manage and set, restores brilliant lustre, enhances the natural beauty and colour of your hair, revives your wave. Ask for it to-day. At chemists and leading dept. stores, 8/6.

**Richard Hudnut
creme
rinse**



K7.51

**Give her
Charmosan
this Xmas**

A delightful gift of
quality cosmetics



**Charmosan
gift boxes**

In four sizes. Each with
different contents



**Make beauty
child's play**

THIS wide-eyed little lady, posing in her own way in a bathtub setting, is the daughter of screen star Deborah Kerr, who agrees that the most successful way to beauty begins in babyhood.

• I asked the mother of a small girl who had just sat on the top of her sand castle, "How do you keep Judy from getting weather-beaten in the holidays?"

FOR Judy is a real water-baby. Her hair is fair, and she is the lucky owner of a faintly olive complexion which looks very cute darkened down a shade or two against her light curls.

"I don't have to worry much any more," Judy's attractive mother told me.

"You see, we have a pact. Outdoors, Judy wears her sun hat all the time—at least she will put it on whenever I ask her without a battle—beginning the first hot day, and until she is well used to the heat.

"This saves the back of her neck, the tops of her shoulders and head, and stops her face from baking up, too."

Health and naturalness are childhood's greatest charms, but every little girl—and boy, too—should be encouraged to understand the importance of simple skin care, and other sensible habits.

Personal toilet articles and some instruction in how to use them and keep them in order will appeal to most children.

A medium hairbrush with widely set bristles may be used twenty times a day for a while, but it will help a child grow up with pretty hair as well as provide an immediate interest.

The use of cosmetics can certainly wait until late in the teens, but where a child's skin has a tendency to freckle it is far wiser to encourage her now to wear a preparation to protect and discourage new ones from forming than to try to clear them away later, when it is usually hopeless.

Tender young skins need only simplest care. By all means keep it simple, but be thorough-going about whatever is done.

Good soap, a clean washer, a soft towel, and the ordinary habit of rinsing off with clear, cold water before drying may make all the difference between a pretty skin later and a troublesome one.

Getting back into the sunshine again, seeing that it is holiday time, remember that small-fry fry fast.

A bright red burn on a sturdy youngster clad in minute trunks and wielding a bucket and spade is not an unusual sight, is it? Don't let it happen.

Make a test by exposing the child's hands and wrists for only ten minutes the first day; next day include the face in the ten minutes, uncovering a little more skin each time until it is obviously safe to pare down to the minimum in beach wear.

Briefing baby on hand-care is a bath-time game into which any poppet willingly enters. The soap cake, the nail brush, and finally the orange-wood stick swathed in cottonwool to press back gently on ten cuticles, is routine stuff.

Smoothing on a pair of imaginary gloves rates real attention that goes above and beyond the rousing of circulation, and forming of well-shaped fingers that comes from always pressing fingers down towards the wrist.

Then there are those important items posture, proper breathing, and sometimes contour correction. "Be ing told" continuously will not straighten rounded shoulders, or in-turned toes, or give balance and grace to a growing body.

But sleeping on the right height pillow, wearing carefully fitted shoes, and doing the book-balanced-on-head-trick encourage improvement.

Not so long ago mother-and-daughter fashions caught the public imagination. Mother-and-child exercises to build a sense of rhythm, grace, and deep breathing are an equally charming and certainly more beneficial idea.

Try it sometimes, or in a busy household encourage the younger children or small groups of friends to hold their own little charm schools for ten minutes a day. They'll love it, and so will you, for it is a special trust and challenge to modern mothers to guide their children to beauty.

**WIN
£250!**

Choose the girl whose
Pepsodent-white teeth
add the most charm to
her smile

**In the
"Miss PEPSODENT
1949" Competition!**



★ DIANA
GREGORY



★ MARGARET MINOGUE



★ BARBARA
LARTER

Here are three
of the girls...

See those dazzling smiles!
—as all Pepsodent users will
tell you—New Pepsodent
gives the whitest teeth.

**They're convinced!
They use Pepsodent!
They know!**



**SO SIMPLE TO
ENTER—NO ENTRY FEE**

Get your entry form today from your Pepsodent supplier. You can send as many entries as you like. There's no entry fee—but each entry must be accompanied by both end flaps from a Pepsodent carton, so be sure to buy a tube today!

IMPORTANT NOTE:
We regret that owing to legislation in force in Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia, readers in those states are not eligible to compete and must not submit entries.

Get your Entry Form Today

P175.142g

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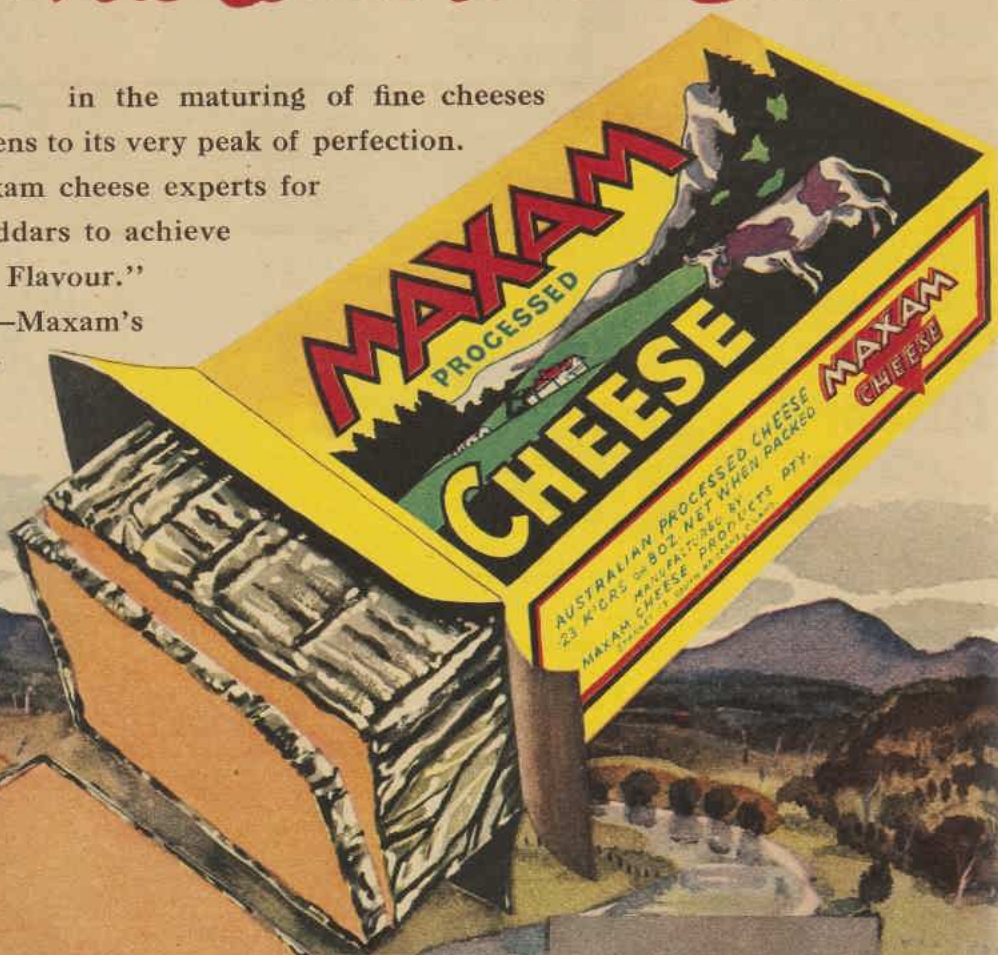


There comes a time...

in the maturing of fine cheeses
when the flavour ripens to its very peak of perfection.

Then, they are selected by Maxam cheese experts for
blending with choice mild cheddars to achieve
the famous Maxam "Balanced Flavour."

Zestful, yet mellow and creamy—Maxam's
Balanced Flavour pleases every
palate young and old alike...



IN HANDY
8-OZ. PACKETS
at all stores

MAXAM
CHEESE

is all cheese!

vitamin-rich, concentrated goodness from Australia's richest dairy lands. The perfect packet cheese: smooth and creamy, pasteurized, sealed in air tight tin foil—(no rind, no waste)—PLUS Maxam's exclusive Balanced Flavour! Insist on Maxam!

Only MAXAM has
"Balanced Flavour"



*and don't forget
to order your*



MAXAM BAKEO

Perfect pastry without measuring, mixing or mess! You just can't go wrong—just add water, roll out and bake—every time you'll make the richest, crispest pastry! Even a child can use it!



MAXAM

Canned Specialties

A meal in a moment—hot or cold. For breakfasts, lunches, dinners, suppers, snacks. Delicious cold meats, ready-to-serve dishes, savoury spreads. Ask your grocer!

WELCOME



● Christmas callers will be doubly welcome if you have a rich Christmas cake and a variety of delicious home-made biscuits on hand, and long, cool drinks ready to serve.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

THIS year's Christmas cake is at its best when twelve to fourteen days old, so make it at once if you can.

Foundation biscuits keep well in air-tight tins and can be topped, filled, and decorated on day before required.

Here are just a few suggestions to help you through the busy festive season, so that every minute with friends and relatives can be fully enjoyed.

1949 CHRISTMAS CAKE

Eight ounces margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 5oz. white sugar, 5oz. brown sugar, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons brandy or rum, 6oz. glace cherries,

8oz. chopped mixed orange and lemon peel, 4oz. chopped nuts (blanched almonds and walnuts), 1lb. mixed fruit, 13oz. flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon spice.

Cream margarine or butter with lemon rind, vanilla and almond essence. Gradually add sugars mixed together, then eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in halved cherries, peel, nuts, and mixed fruit. Sift flour, baking powder, and spice three times, add alternately with orange juice and brandy or rum. Fill into 8½in. round or square cake-tin which has been lined with two thicknesses of brown paper and two thicknesses of grease-proof paper. Spread evenly, making top level. Bake in lower half of slow oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 3 to 3½ hours. Wrap in

paper or large towel and keep until required for icing. Flavor of this cake is at its best when 1 to 2 weeks old.

ALMOND ICING

Twelve ounces icing sugar, 8oz. ground almonds or marzipan meal, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 tablespoons orange juice (or omit sherry and use 3 tablespoons orange juice), squeeze lemon juice, almond essence.

Sift icing sugar, add almonds or marzipan meal. Beat egg-yolk lightly, add sherry, orange juice, and lemon juice. If using marzipan meal a few drops almond essence may be necessary to add extra flavor. Knead lightly on board well coated with sifted icing sugar. Roll out to fit cake. Brush cake with slightly beaten egg-white. Lift almond paste carefully on to cake. (By cutting icing in halves and rolling each half around rolling-pin coated with icing sugar this process is simplified.) Mould with hands until smooth surface is obtained, using icing sugar to prevent sticking. Leave 24 hours before adding covering icing.

RASPBERRY CREAM BISCUITS

Four ounces margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 2oz. corn-flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, raspberry jam, mock cream.

Cream margarine or butter, add icing sugar gradually. Sift corn-flour and self-raising flour, and work into creamed mixture making pliable dough. Force through bag and pipe, or roll into balls or finger-lengths. Place on flat greased tray, bake in slow oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 10 to 15 minutes until very lightly browned. Remove carefully on to cake-cooker. When cold join with smear of raspberry jam and small quantity mock cream.

VELVET LEMON ICING

Two egg-whites, 1½ to 2lb. pure icing sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon glucose, green coloring, shredded coconut.

Beat egg-whites slightly. Add lemon juice, then sifted icing sugar a little at a time. Beat well until sufficient icing sugar has been added to make smooth pouring consistency.

Beat in glucose and melted butter. Continue adding icing sugar until icing will hold its shape. Add coloring. Spread over cake, smooth surface slightly with broad-bladed knife dipped frequently in hot water. Decorate with shredded coconut and holly leaves. Leave approximately 24 hours before cutting for surface of icing to firm.

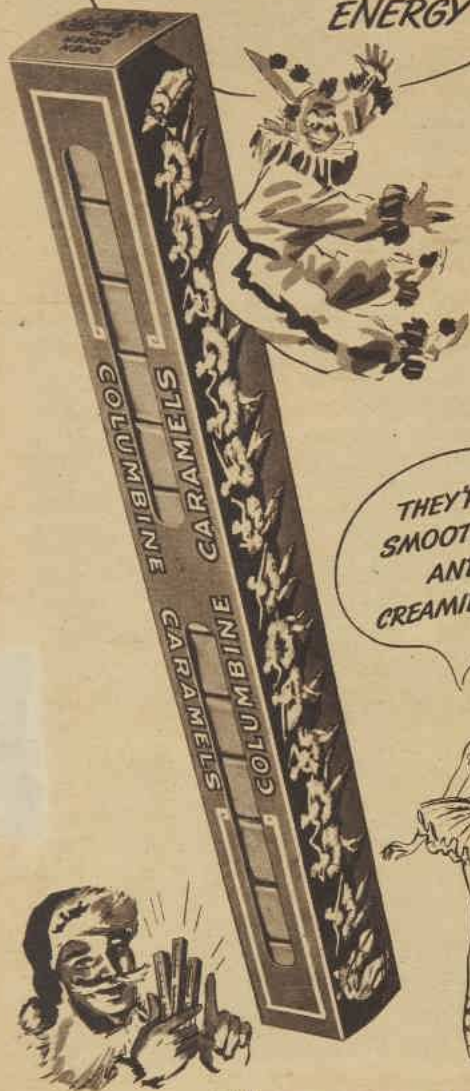
RHUBARB AND PINEAPPLE SHERBET

One bunch rhubarb, 1 pint water, 2 cups sugar, 1 medium-sized pineapple, red coloring, dry ginger ale or lemonade, cucumber slices to garnish.

Place rhubarb in saucepan with ½ pint of water and 1 cup of sugar. Cook with lid on until tender. Rub through strainer. Peel, core, and dice pineapple, cook in balance of water and sugar 15 minutes. Add rhubarb puree to pineapple, color red if desired. Chill. Dilute before serving with dry ginger ale or lemonade. Garnish each glass with slice of cucumber.

Continued on page 62

COLUMBINES
ARE RICH IN GLUCOSE
FOR QUICK
ENERGY!



THEY'RE
SMOOTHER
AND
CREAMIER TOO!



When you're playing
Father Christmas remember . . .

COLUMBINES

— the richest caramels of all

Make sure your youngsters enjoy wholesome sweets this Christmas. Fill those stockings with "Columbines". "Columbines" not only look attractive in their gay, slender packet, but each "Columbine" Caramel is a delicious, energizing and wholesome sweet, rich in glucose. Made with creamy butter and pure cane sugar they give you and your family caramel at its very best.

Made by

MacRobertson

the great name in Confectionery.



THESE attractive cheese and anchovy biscuits will be welcomed at your next supper or afternoon tea party. See prize recipe on this page.

£5 prize for savories

TEMPTING and unusual supper savories, flavored with cheese and anchovy, win this week's first prize of £5.

The addition of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. peeled, chopped, and sautéed mushrooms to creole sauce will make fish fillets in creole sauce a dish to remember.

CHEESE AND ANCHOVY BISCUITS

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons anchovy paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder, 2 hard-boiled eggs, squeeze lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cream cheese, 1 tablespoon milk, colored cocktail onions.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper, add cheese, rub in margarine or butter. Beat egg, add to dry ingredients, making a firm, pliable dough (a little water may be necessary according to size of egg). Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly. Cut into rounds with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cutter. Spread half rounds with mixture made by combining anchovy, curry powder, and squeeze of lemon juice. Place thin slice hard-boiled egg on each, glaze edges with water. Cover these rounds with plain ones, pinching edges together. Bake on trays in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes, cool on cake cooler. Soften cream cheese

by stirring with wooden spoon. Gradually add milk. Pipe or spoon on to top of each biscuit, decorate with colored cocktail onion. Serve garnished with parsley sprigs.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. T. Pierson, 9 Valetta St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.

FISH FILLETS IN CREOLE SAUCE

Four to six fillets, bream, flathead, or whiting, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 cup chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup vinegar, pinch nutmeg, 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon margarine or clean fat, 2 tablespoons chopped red or green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fish stock (made from bones and head), chopped parsley.

Wash, trim, and dry fillets. Rub all over with cut lemon, lightly season with salt and pepper. Roll each fillet, pack in greased casserole or oven-proof dish. Fry onion in margarine or fat, stir in flour and curry powder. Add tomato, red or green pepper, fish stock, vinegar, and nutmeg. Bring to boiling point and pour over fish. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes or until fish is white and flaky. Serve in casserole topped with chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. R. Davis, Southern Ave., Blackwood Park, S.A.

WELCOME

Continued from page 61

VARIETY BISCUITS

Foundation Mixture: Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, few drops vanilla essence, 8oz. flour, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream margarine or butter and sugar. Add well-beaten egg and vanilla essence. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, making firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly. Cut into shapes required; bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) until lightly browned. Cool on tins. When cold fill, top, and decorate as suggested in following recipes.

Strawberry Creams: Cut foundation biscuit mixture into heart-shapes with heart-shaped cutter. Cook as directed. When cold, top each with vanilla-flavored seven-minute frosting and decorate with half a strawberry.

Chocolate Peppermint Creams: Cut foundation mixture into finger-lengths, cook as directed. When cold, top with peppermint-flavored seven-minute frosting colored green and decorate with grated chocolate.

Coffee Fingers: Cut foundation mixture into finger-lengths, cook as directed. When cold, join pairs with coffee-flavored mock cream and top with coffee-flavored warm icing. Decorate with blanched almonds and walnuts.

Chocolate Whirls: Roll foundation mixture into small balls with fingers, cut equal number of rounds with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cutter. Cook as directed. When cold, coat tops of balls with chocolate-flavored warm icing. Join a ball to a round with chocolate mock cream. Using writing-pipe decorate tops with vanilla mock cream.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

Seven-eighths cup sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon water, vanilla or peppermint essence.

Place sugar, egg-white, and water into a basin, beat over saucepan of boiling water (using a rotary beater) for 7 minutes. Remove from stove, continue beating until cool and very thick. Add essence and color if used. Use as required. Frosting sets as it cools, and, therefore, should be used as soon as made.

"first
thing
in the
morning"



Be Fair
— to yourself

Keep yourself free from everyday ills and upsets with a morning glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt."

Days don't seem so long when you have plenty of energy and zest. Only when your system is functioning naturally can you enjoy this sparkling health. So take...

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"

Holds My
FALSE TEETH
Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powder to hold my false teeth. When I tried **FASTEETH** I found the one powder that does not thin out or wash away, but "stays put" all day. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security. Breath always pleasant. If anyone with loose-fitting false teeth wants all-day comfort and real stay-there fit, get **FASTEETH** at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

"Freckle-face"

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of **Kimbo**—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double strength **Kimbo**, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Drink Habit Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? **EUCRASY** has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 32 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required.

SEND 20/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

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257 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

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DREARY ROOMS MAKE
WEARY WIVES

Color-deck YOUR kitchen
with Gay Sparkling
DYNAMEL



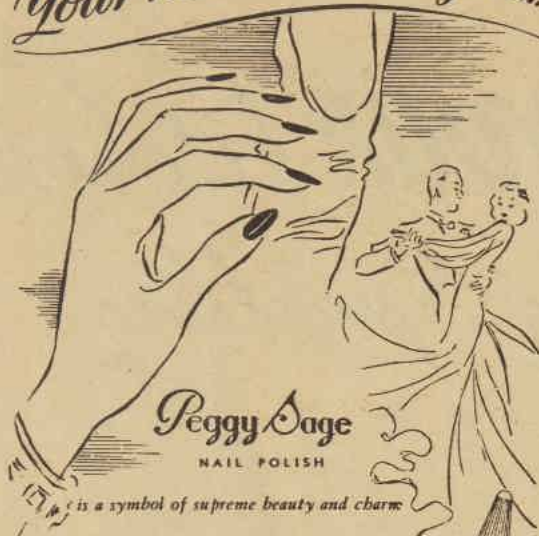
SOLPAH — long life gloss color for all floors, lino and cement paths.

SILVAFROS — extra brilliant silver coating for all metals — prevents rust — resists heat.

TAUBMANS BUTEX — enamelled colors for distinctive exterior painting. Combines outstanding durability, color permanency and long range gloss finish.



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NAIL POLISH

is a symbol of supreme beauty and charm

Personally formulated by PEGGY SAGE in her New York Salon, these glamorous new nail polish shades will accentuate your finger-tips. Buy PEGGY SAGE polish and see how beautifully it wears. Obtainable at all first class chemists and stores.



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Regency . . . Clover . . . Vintage . . .
Dark Fire . . . Victorian Rose . . .
Heartbreak . . . Naturelle . . . Plain

A.P. 1-16

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IN 3 MINUTES

Just apply the amazing hair-removing cream called Veet. After three minutes wash off. Every trace of hair is gone like magic! Veet leaves your arms and legs velvety-soft and smooth. No stubble like the razor leaves.

No risk of cuts or scrapes. Veet is the easy, quick, modern way to end the embarrassment of unwanted hair. Successful results guaranteed with Veet or money refunded. Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 2/9 per tube.

**Cheerful—
and charming?**

Of course she is!

She knows her cheerfulness and charm depend on fitness, and doesn't leave her fitness to chance. She guards against the sick headaches and digestive upsets that constipation can so easily cause. How? That's her secret, but—confidentially—she takes Beecham's Pills.

Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/.

Wise woman—she takes

Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



THIS outdoor or barbecue table was made by Mr Mansell. It is similar in construction to the early pioneer tables. Its decoration is based on authentic aboriginal art.



COLORFUL Mexican flowers of the desert and Mexican candlesticks decorate this table made by artist Mansell from Cyprus pine.

Artist at home...

By EVE GYE

ON these pages are glimpses of Mr. and Mrs. Byram Mansell's home in Marian St., Killara, N.S.W.

Mr. Mansell created the attractive barbecue tables pictured above. These, made from Cyprus pine in pioneer style and french polished, are further enhanced with Mexican or aboriginal motifs.

In the decoration of these tables, based on authentic aboriginal art, also his wall-panels (several of which have been on display at the Contemporary Art Exhibition at the Education Department Galleries), Mr. Mansell has used earth colors similar to those used by the natives.

The well-equipped barbecue glimpsed at the top of this page is a family favorite. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mansell find it an easy, pleasant way of entertaining friends at luncheon or supper. And the surroundings are charming.

Recently Mr. Mansell converted one of the rooms overlooking the rear courtyard into what he terms a Mexican room. Picture at right shows the quaint fireplace, which is a replica of those he saw during his travels in Mexico.



BARBECUE scene with Mr. Mansell in his chef's apron and cap. This sheltered corner of the courtyard is most attractive. Mr. and Mrs. Mansell give many barbecue parties.



CORNER of the picturesque Mexican room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Byram Mansell, Killara.

AVOID HOLIDAY RISKS

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

WITH the long school holidays fast approaching, parents should be prepared to deal with the many minor accidents and mishaps that occur when young children have long periods of freedom either at home or away.

A well-stocked medicine chest is an essential when the family is travelling or on vacation where medical assistance is not readily available, and it is also a very good idea to make a routine check of your home medicine kit before school holidays begin.

When away on vacation, the new water and milk supply is an important consideration.

Typhoid and other infections can be caused by drinking from creeks

or springs where the water may be contaminated.

When touring, it is safer to carry your own canvas water-bag.

Many gastric upsets during holiday time are caused by a different water supply, and all water should be boiled for babies and little children, and if there is any doubt about the reliability of the water supply it should be boiled for the whole family.

If the new milk supply is unreliable or fresh cow's milk cannot be obtained regularly, a supply of one of the standard dried milks should be taken for the trip.

All fruits and raw salad foods, which are very useful holiday foods, should be thoroughly washed before using.

Hazards often met with in the holiday season are sunburn, sunstroke, and collapse from heat, snake and insect bites, falls, eye troubles, cuts, bruises, etc.

If parents take a first-aid kit with them when travelling, or check up on their medicine chest and emergency box in their own homes, and act promptly, getting medical attention at once when necessary, holiday risks and the results of many little accidents would be minimised.

A leaflet dealing with holiday hazards can be obtained by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.



PICTURE above shows section of Mr. and Mrs. Byram Mansell's attractive tree-lined garden and home at Killara, N.S.W.



SPACIOUS WINDOWS of lounge frame lovely views of the expansive garden. Heavy rust-velvet curtains drape the windows, gaily patterned rugs strew the sage-green carpeted floor. Walls are off-white.

BOWLS... of charm for Christmas



THE quaint wrought-iron stand with its gaily dotted clear-glass bowls was designed by Mrs. M. A. Coleman, of Bondi, N.S.W. Lovely in a sun-room, filled with trailing ivy or dainty floral arrangements.

Miss Precious Minutes

HOUSEWIVES who suffer from tired feet on washing-days should try standing on a rubber mat while they are washing and ironing. The "give" of the rubber eases the strain on the feet.

TO obtain the full value from raisins and sultanas, cut them in halves. It will give cakes or biscuits a richer flavor.

WHEN washing men's soft collars, put a safety-pin through the hole for the stud and clip it on the line. Several collars can hang on the one pin. They dry quickly and have no disfiguring peg-marks.

COFFEE stains can always be removed if treated promptly and the stained material is washable. Completely cover the spot with household borax, then stretch the part tightly over a basin and pour boiling water through. Repeat if necessary.



NOVEL IDEA: The wrought-iron base of this charming bowl is specially designed, allowing it to be used as a wall vase by fastening the circular base to the wall, or as pictured above.

The Story of



In 1848 a small group of the world's finest watch makers set themselves the task of creating the most accurate watch human hands could make. They called this watch Omega, after the last letter of the Greek alphabet. To-day, Omega is recognised the world over as the modern symbol of the ultimate in fine watch making, with an unsurpassed record of accuracy and styling. Omega has been used again and again as the official timepiece for Olympic Games, and has already been chosen for the 1950 British Empire Games in New Zealand.

Because of present-day currency restrictions, supply of Omega watches is limited. But even if you experience some delay, an Omega is well worth waiting for.

OMEGA



ALL THE WORLD TRUSTS OMEGA

BABY'S TEETHING need give you no anxieties

There need be no restless nights, no tears, no baby disorders, if you have Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders handy. Mothers all over the world have found them soothing and cooling when baby is fretful through teething, and, best of all, they are ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders, 1/6



ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

ARRID

THE LARGEST
SELLING
DEODORANT



Night or Day...

WORK OR PLAY...

Johnson's Baby Powder

Preserves Complete Personal Freshness

For feeling fresh, looking fresh and staying fresh at
work or play . . . night or day . . . you need the soothing

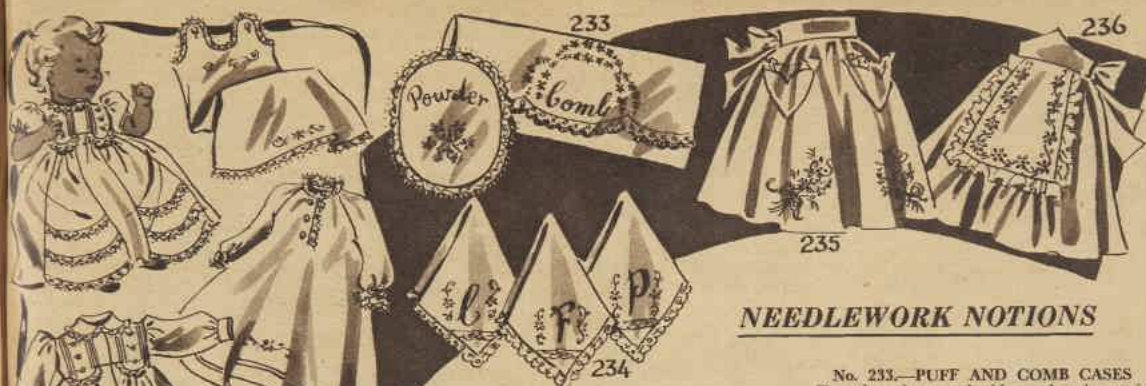
comfort and protection of Johnson's Baby Powder. It's the
safer, surer way to personal daintiness — and the most
popular way, too. Because Johnson's is the personal choice
of millions of men and women all over the world!



Best for baby — Best for you, too!

A XMAS GIFT BEST FOR ALL THE FAMILY — JOHNSON'S GIFT PACK

All ready for the giving! A handsome gift pack of Johnson's Baby Powder and Baby Soap, cellophane-wrapped in a most attractive carton, is now at all chemists and stores. It's the gift you'll find is most appreciated and so inexpensive, too!



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 231.—WAIST SLIP AND SCANTIES

This pretty waist slip with frilled hemline and dainty matching scanties combine to make a lovely set. Cut out ready to sew, the material is a raytrousse satin in white, pale pink, and blue. Finish with a small flat ribbon.

Price (to fit 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist): Slip 17/11. Regd. postage, 1/- extra. Scanties, 9/3. Regd. postage, 10½d. extra. Complete set, 26/9. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra.

No. 232.—LAYETTE

Cut out and ready to sew, this charming layette is in white, pale pink, and blue rayon crepe-de-chine, also in a white Swiss voile. Price: Frock, 14/11. Regd. postage, 11½d. extra. Nightdress, 14/6. Regd. postage, 11½d. extra. Petticoat, 10/11. Regd. postage, 10½d. extra. Carrying coat, 16/3. Regd. postage, 1/- extra. Bonnet, 3/9. Postage, 4½d. extra. Complete set, 59/6. Regd. postage, 2/3 extra.

No. 233.—PUFF AND COMB CASES

Traced ready to embroider and make up in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green organdie. Finish with a narrow lace or crochet edge (lace not supplied).

Price 1/3 each. Postage 2½d. extra. Set of puff and comb case, 2/3. Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 234.—INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS

Such a delightful Christmas gift, these initial handkerchiefs, measuring 11 x 11in., are traced ready to embroider on a fancy cycled leno voile in blue, pink, and white. Finish with a narrow crochet edge.

Price 11½d. each. Postage 2½d. extra. Set of three, 2/9. Postage 3½d. extra.

Nos. 235, 236.—PRETTY APRONS

These useful and pretty aprons are cut out, traced ready to embroider and make in blue, pink, beige, and lemon British cotton. Price 4/6 each. Postage 5½d. extra.

● When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, and 236 please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS



F5786.—Smartly tailored summer suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F5787.—Small boy's safari suit. Sizes 20, 23, 27, and 31in. length, for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5788.—Softly styled one-piece with button-up fastenings. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5789.—Tailored one-piece, has tucked trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5790.—One-piece dress with flying panels. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

● TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 49.



FREE! Beauty Sack

containing all six new shades in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder. NEW, RICH-WARM TONES

"Dark Rachel"—To give your complexion a lifting new warmth and radiance.

"Brunette"—As smart as a Fifth Avenue store—as new as the new season's fashion shades.

"Mocha"—The rich, new, tawny tuning to glorify your sun-kissed complexion.

"Peach"—A new, wickedly flattering peach-tinted powder for brunettes or blondes.

"Rachel"—Sweet as a dream, this new Pond's shade gives a flatteringly warm overtone to fair complexions.

"Camellia"—The delicate pinky tone to spin a veil of radiant flattery over your skin.

FREE! An exciting Beauty Sack containing generous TRIAL SIZES OF ALL SIX NEW SHADES in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

Address your envelope to Pond's, Box 11351, G.P.O., Melbourne, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and posting.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS

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Pain soothed instantly!

BOILS

BROUGHT TO A HEAD

Quicker

Nature often causes a boil to come to a head and thus cause painful misery. BUT doctors agree that moist heat coupled with a poultice action helps bring boils to a head quicker. An easy, practical way for you to apply moist heat in by using proven, world-famous

Antiphlogistine

Stay as sweet as you are with

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The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

The new Philips Portable is Australia's smartest out-door radio. It's a 5-valve, long range, broadcast radio in a streamlined aluminium and plastic cabinet. £14/6.

PHILIPS 111

PHILIPS INCLINATOR DIAL

IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED



PHILIPS 112

Here's the ideal "carry-about" set. It's a 4-valve, A.C. operated mantel radio with the Inclinator Dial and in-built on-off switch. £18/15/6.



PHILIPS 106

SOME PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN NORTH QUEENSLAND AND WESTERN AUSTRALIA

This ultra-smart moulded plastic cabinet houses either the world range model 113 at £31/14/6 or the broadcast version (115) at £27/10/6. Both are 5-valve, A.C. operated sets. (Also available for battery or vibrator operation.)

PHILIPS 113/115



It's a compact 5-valve, table-gram giving sparkling realism to your favourite recordings or your favourite radio programmes. Ample reserve of volume for dance floors and halls. £51/18/6.

PHILIPS 116



PHILIPS 119

A stately console-radio, with unsurpassed appearance and tonal brilliance. It's a 5-valve, world-range receiver with inbuilt on-off switch and the Inclinator Dial. £50/8/6.

There's a Gift
on the PHILIPS Xmas tree for everyone!

... and each is a gift with a greater and more lasting *thrill* than anything else your money can buy. When you give a Philips Radioplayer (and although you may not think so, you CAN afford to give one)* you give pleasure and happiness which will endure years after commonplace gifts are forgotten. Any of the Philips Radioplayers pictured on this page can be yours in time for Christmas ... yours to own or yours to give. Unless you prefer to pay cash, a deposit is all that is necessary. Your range of choice extends from the neat little mantel model at £18/15/- to the luxury radio-gramophone combination at £119/12/-. Each of these sets features an in-built on-off switch to save skirting-board-groping for the power-point. Most of the range has Philips new angle on tuning—the unconditionally guaranteed Inclinator Dial. The Inclinator Dial allows room for an *extra large speaker*...an important contribution to the breath-taking tonal quality of every Philips Radioplayer.

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD THIS SYMBOL GUIDES THE CHOICE OF MILLIONS

* **STRETCH THAT CHRISTMAS GIFT BUDGET.** There's no need to exceed that gift budget to give Philips, but you can stretch it out. One way is for the family to "club-in"—pay the deposit now and share the weekly payments. If there are three or four in the family this can mean less than eightpence a week each.

PHILIPS
Radio

—famous as PHILIPS Lamps

